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May 18, 1974

Saturday Review World

THE POWER SCRAMBLE IN MAO'S CHINA

by Michel Oksenberg

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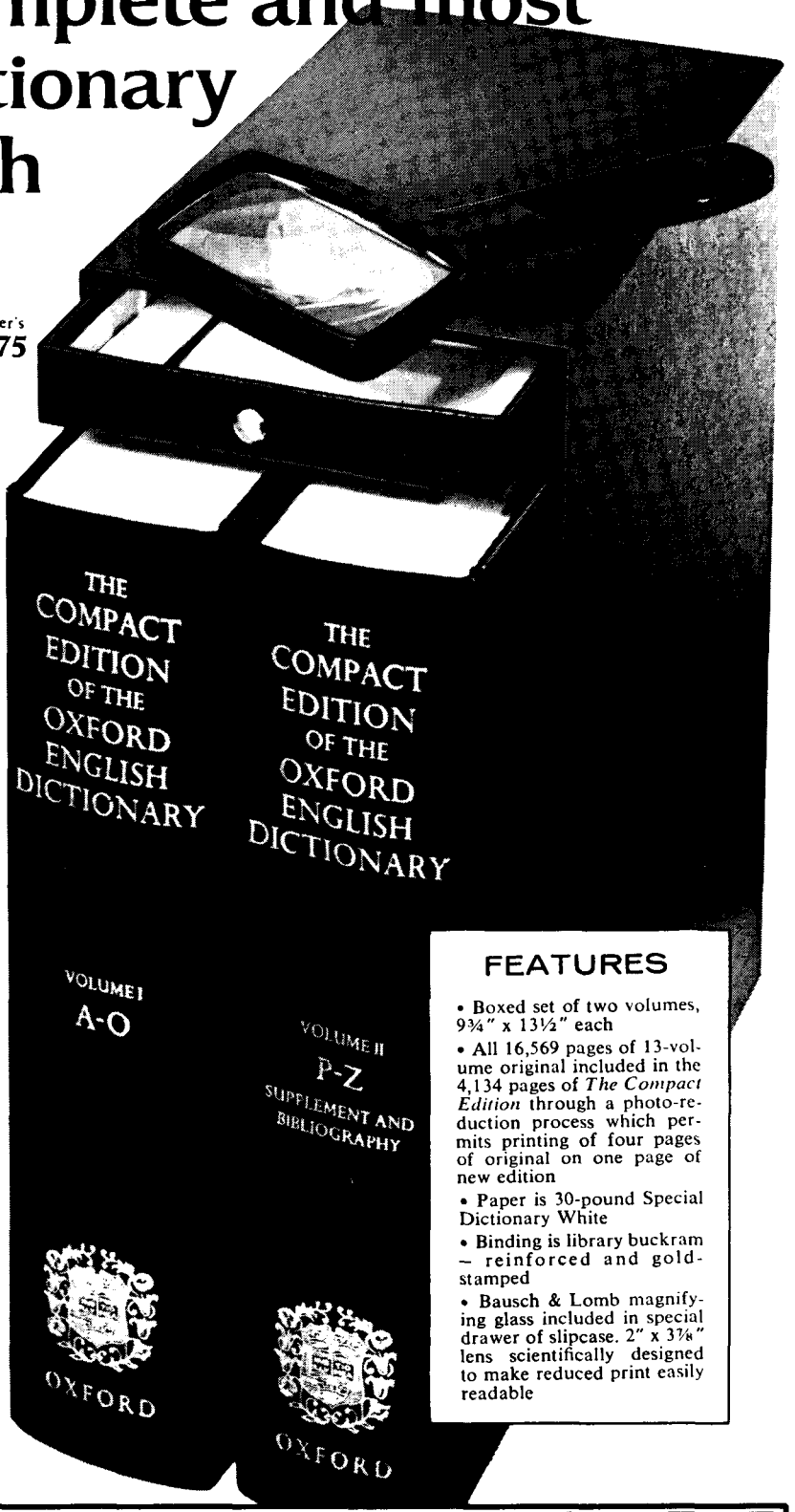

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Page 10

Page 20

Page 39

May 18, 1974

FEATURES

4 World Progress Report

5 SR/W Recommends

6 Report From Mexico City
by Alan Riding

8 Editorial *by N.C.*

9 Letters From Readers

29 Top of My Head
by Goodman Ace

30 Curmudgeon-at-Large
by Cleveland Amory

35 World Environment Newsletter

37 Diversions *by Leo Rosten*

38 Manner of Speaking
by John Ciardi

56 Light Refractions
by Thomas H. Middleton

ARTICLES

10 The Political Scramble in Mao's China
by Michel Oksenberg

Politburo factions are vying for Mao's approval and the right to determine the future social order in China.

12 The Case Against Confucius
by Bao Ruo-wang and Rudolph Chelminski

14 Antonioni: Enemy of the People
by Michael Stern

16 The Canadians Are Reclaiming Canada
by Valerie Miner

BOOKS

20 The Romantic Rebellion
by Kenneth Clark
Reviewed by Anne Hollander

23 Our Own Words
by Mary Helen Dohan
Reviewed by Stephen Koch

25 "Are There Any American Poets?" *by Mark Van Doren*

26 Trade Winds *by William Cole*

27 Books in Brief
by Dorothy Rabinowitz

FILM

39 In the American Grain
by Hollis Alpert

MUSIC

40 Jazz Goes Independent
by Leonard Maltin

42 First Pinza, Then Siepi, Now Milnes *by Irving Kolodin*

TRAVEL

45 Sojourns on a Shoestring
by Dena Kaye

SCIENCE SUPPLEMENT

49 The "Behavior Mod" Squad
by Albert Rosenfeld

50 How Goes the "War on Cancer"? *by Edward Edelson*

Some progress has been made—one patient in three is saved today—but the Big Breakthrough against this puzzling disease is still to come.

53 The Nutrition Dilemma
by Clara Pierre

GAMESMANSHIP

30 Literary Crypt No. 10

46 Wit Twister No. 21

57 Double-Crostic No. 49

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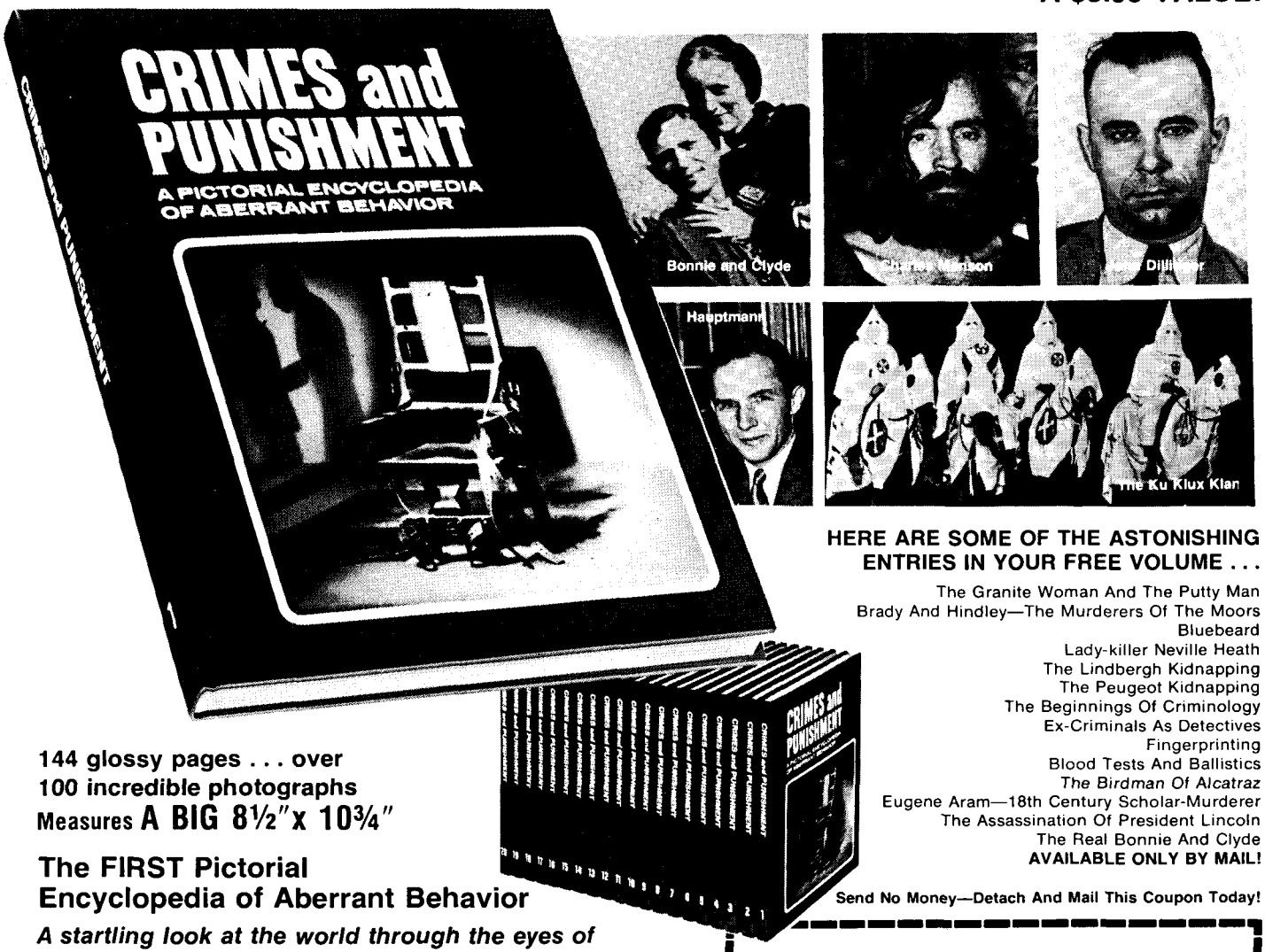

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World Progress Report

Where the Action Is

A new kind of public-television station —one that is totally free of involvement with the federally funded Corporation for Public Broadcasting—is now being organized in Los Angeles. The call letters will be KVST—the last three letters standing for "viewer-sponsored television." The station plans to support itself completely with community donations; during the past four years the station's management has raised more than one million dollars from public contributions. KVST will work closely with socially concerned groups and individuals in developing its programming. Among the station's shows will be: "Our Daily Bread," about job opportunities for the disadvantaged; "Consumer Protection," a series of regular factual reports of vital interest to consumer well-being; "An Eye on the World," programs of social importance produced by and for other nations; "Where the Action Is," dealing with the interests and problems of youth; and "Man and His Environment," which will include analyses and discussions of environmental problems. KVST seeks to encourage community involvement through the use of mobile studio facilities, audience participation, opinion polls, and so on. The station's objective will be to inform and motivate the community to solve social problems within the framework of existing democratic institutions.

Refreshing the River

After years of ignoring its international agreements—and only after a blunt, in-person appeal from Mexican President Luis Echeverría to President Nixon—the United States is making plans to clean up the Colorado River before it flows into Mexico. Before the river reaches the border, it is used and re-used to irrigate the Southwest, picking up a burden of mineral salts—as high as 4500 parts per million—that poisons crops in Mexico's fertile Mexicali Valley.

For an estimated $40 million, the Department of the Interior will build a plant that will separate the unwanted minerals from the river water before it is delivered to Mexico. For another $20 to $30 million, it will build a concrete-lined canal that will shunt the saline wastes fifty miles to the Gulf of California.

Inside the plant the Colorado's water will be put through a reverse-osmosis process, in which air pressure forces the water through a semi-permeable membrane to strain out the poisonous salts. Someday, perhaps, the process may be improved to desalinate ocean water, which is several times as salty as the water of the Colorado.

Exhaust Fumes

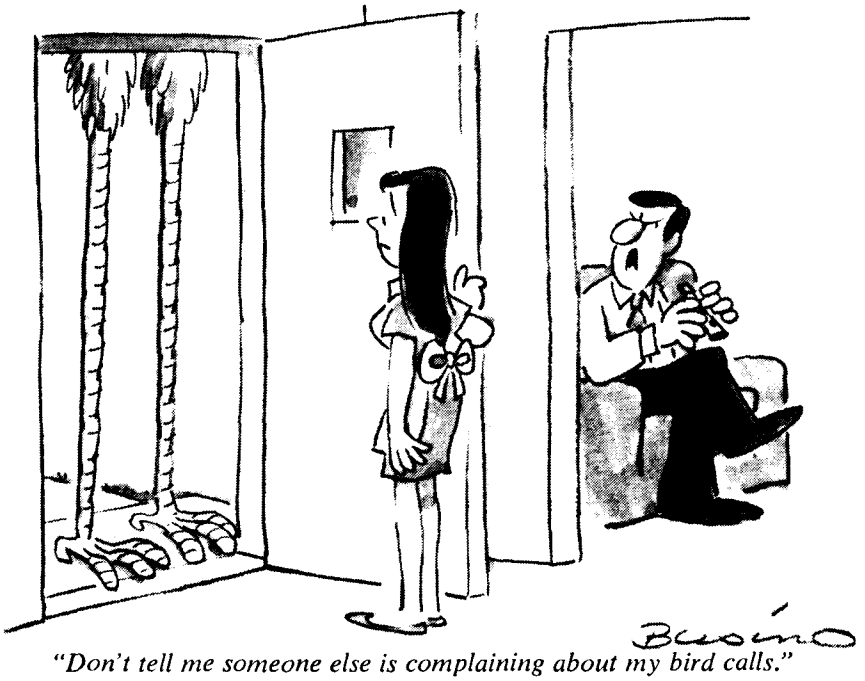
The back of the bus, the area once reserved for the victims of racial discrimination, has now been assigned to a new breed of second-class citizens—tobacco smokers. Beginning in March, according to a new ruling by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the huffers and puffers on all buses traveling interstate were exiled to the hindmost 20 percent of the seats, where presumably their noxious exhaust fumes will not offend their fellow passengers. The customary integration of smokers into the general passenger population, decreed the commission, "creates serious health hazards to those passengers who are non-smokers."

Africa Corps

The tiny parasites that infect hundreds of millions of the world's poorest people with malaria, sleeping sickness, elephantiasis, and other diseases are Public Enemy No. 1 in a new research program announced by the U.N. World Health Organization. Scheduled to begin in 1975, the effort will be headquartered in Africa, probably near the new medical school at Lusaka University in N'Dola, Zambia. According to Dr. Martin Kaplan, WHO's director of science and technology, parasitic diseases afflict 190 million Africans. "Practically the entire population in the continent's tropical areas," reported the American virologist after a recent visit to Africa, "suffers from at least one form of infection." Yet, he noted, until now the major work on these neglected diseases has been left to small institutions established by colonial powers, whose waning involvement in Africa threatens the continuation of the research.

The new center, together with its network of clinics and field stations around tropical Africa, is being financed by contributions from Sweden and West Germany as well as from American and British foundations. Annual costs for the first five years are estimated at $5 million and are expected to rise to $20 million as the center attains its anticipated size. The money will not only coordinate the work of molecular biologists, biochemists, pathologists, and other specialists in a well-armed attack on major diseases; it will also, WHO hopes, give African doctors and scientists an opportunity to work near home on a problem of special importance to their own people, instead of following the well-worn path to careers in other countries.

ANTHONY WOLFE



"Don't tell me someone else is complaining about my bird calls."

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SR/W Recommends

A brief selection, by the editors, of books, records, and entertainment events of interest to our readers.

BOOKS

The Uneasy Chair by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). Biography of Bernard DeVoto (second editor of *Saturday Review*) and literary history of three decades.

Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do by Studs Terkel (Pantheon). A documentary masterpiece by a traditional journalist who knows how to listen.

A Darkening Green: Notes From the Silent Generation by Peter S. Prescott (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). Freshman year at Harvard resonantly and engagingly chronicled.

Instant Lives by Howard Moss (Saturday Review Press/Dutton). Funny little biographical sketches of authors and composers, full of puns and in-jokes.

Ways of Loving by Brendan Gill (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A sustained and literate collection of short fiction.

Thomas Jefferson: An Intimate History by Fawn M. Brodie (Norton). A fully detailed biography of the controversial man of Monticello.

Tender Loving Greed by Mary Adelaide Mendelson (Knopf). Slashing exposé of corruption in the nursing-home industry.

The Wanderers by Richard Price (Houghton Mifflin). About growing up Italian in the Bronx during the early Sixties.

Pilgrim at Tinker Creek by Annie Dillard (Harper's Magazine Press). Rich ruminations on nature and mini-adventures with birds, beasts, and bugs in Virginia's Roanoke Valley.

Lincoln Steffens: A Biography by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster). A brilliant biography of both the man and his age.

Choosing Our Kings by Michael Novak (Macmillan). A thoughtful and informing discussion of the American presidency by a writer of keen and hard-headed intelligence.

The Wine of Astonishment by Rachel MacKenzie (Viking). A lot more happens to two sisters from Pliny Falls, New York, than you might expect at the First Presbyterian Church covered-dish supper.

FILM

The Conversation. The electronic surveiller is surveilled—or, turnabout is foul play.

Badlands. A brooding tale of young love and murder.

Love and Anarchy. An Italian bordello of the Thirties is the scene for a plot against Mussolini in this strong and vivid film.

The Pedestrian. Actor Maximilian Schell also turns writer-director for this haunting study of post-Nazi German guilt.

Conrack. Jon Voight, having the time of his life teaching young blacks on a remote southern island.

Thieves Like Us. Robert Altman's skillful and redolent adaptation of the Edward Anderson novel about a trio of bank robbers.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson stands out as a navy noncom on a prisoner-escort detail.

The Sting. Want to just sit back and enjoy a movie for a change? Try this one.

THEATER (New York)

A Moon for the Misbegotten (Morosco Theater). Colleen Dewhurst is perfect and Jason Robards haunted in this beautiful and compassionate love story written by Eugene O'Neill about his hard-drinking brother.

A Little Night Music (Majestic Theatre). This sophisticated and gently humorous adaptation of Ingmar Bergman's film *Smiles of a Summer Night* is still the best musical on Broadway.

Moonchildren (Theatre de Lys). Michael Weller's play about a group of college kids living together but really very far apart is entertaining and touching.

Over Here! (Shubert Theater). A musical nostalgiarama that ridicules the corniest aspects of World War II America. With two surviving Andrews sisters.

Candide (Broadway Theater). An inventive reweave of the 1956 musical tapestry based on Voltaire's classic.

Good Evening (Plymouth Theater). A very good evening of wit and music from Britain's masterly comedians Peter Cook and Dudley Moore.

Find Your Way Home (Biltmore Theater). Good play about homosexual love, made great by Michael Moriarty's brilliant performance.

El Grande de Coca-Cola (Plaza 9 Theater). Brief, bright musical revue aimed *directamente* at the funny bone.

Raisin (Forty-sixth Street Theater). A spectacle of music and dance based on Lorraine Hansberry's moving portrait of black life in modern America.

The Hot L Baltimore (Downtown Circle in the Square). Lanford Wilson's colorful, comic pastiche of ideals and idealists in a Baltimore flophouse.

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder? (Eastside Playhouse). Five strangers in an Arizona diner become prison-mates in Mark Medoff's suspenseful melodrama.

Short Eyes (New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre—Anspacher). Miguel Piñero's vivid slice of life and death in a prison cell.

DANCE (New York)

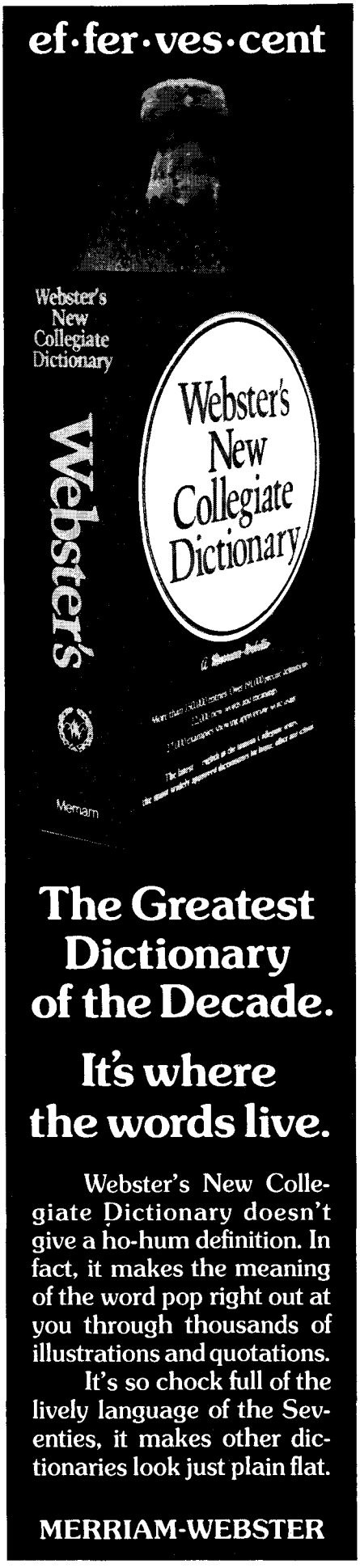
New York City Ballet (New York State Theater, April 30–June 30). Lincoln Center's resident ballet troupe, under the artistic direction of George Balanchine, in a repertory of more than forty ballets.

Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater (City Center Fifty-fifth Street Theater, May 14–June 2). Repertory season featuring world premiere of Janet Collins's *Canticle of the Elements*, plus other novelties.

The Royal Ballet (Metropolitan Opera House, May 7–26). Repertory season by British troupe featuring U.S. premiere of Kenneth MacMillan's full-length ballet version of *Manon*, plus *Swan Lake, Romeo and Juliet*, and other ballets. Rudolf Nureyev, guest artist.

RECORDINGS

I Puritani (Bellini, Julius Rudel conducting, ABC). Good Italian fun in Cromwell's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MERRIAM-WEBSTER

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time, with Beverly Sills in excellent form and Nicolai Gedda as her male counterpart.

The Celestial Country (Ives, Harold Farberman conducting, CRI). An all but unknown cantata that pre-dates (1898–1900) the development by the Yankee iconoclast of the traits for which he is remembered. Fascinating document.

Symphonies Nos. 1–19 (Haydn, Antal Dorati conducting, London). A long stride in the direction of the "complete" Haydn toward which Dorati and the Philharmonic Hungarica have been devoting their recent energies.

"Yellow River" Concerto (Eugene Ormandy conducting, RCA). A camel of a concerto, whose creation is assigned to the Central Philharmonic Society of the People's Republic acquired by Ormandy on last year's tour of China. As coupled with Respighi's *Pines of Rome*, the disk is a capitalistic curio.

Concerto (R. R. Bennett, Julius Bream, guitar, RCA). This commission will benefit guitarists other than Bream who are interested in a contemporary literature. Walton's *Five Bagatelles* and the Rawsthorne *Elegy* are also fabulously played.

Bunte Blätter (Schumann, Sviatoslav Richter, piano, Melodiya/Angel). Much-admired, seldom-heard Schumann, superbly performed.

Mason Land Express (Steig, Columbia). A flutist with a difference, Jeremy Steig communicates deftly, via rhythmic beat and melodic imagination, with bassist Eddie Gomex and percussionists Ray Mantilla and Marty Morell.

Ella at Carnegie Hall (Porter, Gershwin, Carmichael, etc., Columbia). The 1973 Newport Jazz Festival was glorified by Miss Fitzgerald's communion with such old associates as pianist Ellis Larkins, trumpeter Roy Eldridge, and members of a reconstituted Chick Webb band. No words of praise can say more.

Queen of the Night (Ronnie Leahy, etc., Atlantic). Maggie Bell may not be the successor to Janis Joplin some have touted her to be, but she is worth hearing on her own. The Sweet Inspirations join voices here and there. □

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Who's Afraid of the Ruling Party?

Mexico City

The four hundred or so people in the shabby, rented dance hall shuffled to their seats. Most were young and long-haired, but the worn clothes and faces of a handful of Mexican peasants stood out. A young man came forward to read a series of proposals and to declare: "The class party we are creating envisages the seizure of power by and for the workers. The conditions are ripe for this revolutionary task." A scattering of applause followed, and another party of the shrapneled Mexican Left—the Socialist Party of the Workers—was born.

Not one report of that meeting, which was held last fall, appeared in the Mexican press. The newspapers were not censored. There was simply no interest. One party has been in power in Mexico without interruption since 1929, and it is ludicrous to think that the Institutional Revolutionary party (PRI) may be replaced by a new party of the Left. Most people dislike the ruling party, but nevertheless they recognize the futility of opposing it. The Socialist Party of the Workers (PST), therefore, was generally dismissed as yet another attempt by a dreamy group of intellectuals, students, peasants, and working people to achieve the impossible. "They have my sympathy," went a typical comment, "but not my support."

Apart from the Communist countries, there are few places where organized opposition is so hopeless. At present, for example, the PRI holds the presidency, all 29 governorships, all 60 Senate seats, 189 of 194 seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and 98 percent of the mayoralties. The party has adopted Mexico's national colors as its own, and its partisan image is fused with that of the government and the country. But because Mexico is formally a democracy, three other official parties exist. Two of them—the Popular Socialist party, which is rhetorical Left, and the Authentic Party of the Mexican Revolution, which is a kind of club for octogenarian generals—support the government and the PRI. The third, the National Action party, has attracted much of the anti-government protest vote, but it has no importance as an opposition force.

Over the years, numerous attempts have been made to form a serious party of the Left in Mexico; all have failed. In 1968 student discontent sparked the first mass-protest movement since the 1910 revolution, but it lacked the necessary ideology and organization to survive the massacre of Tlatelolco—when the army machine-gunned a protest meeting and killed more than three hundred people.

"As soon as we become a threat, of course, the repression will come," a PST leader says, stroking his Zapata-like mustache. "But even if the leaders are jailed, the organization will keep growing from the bottom. That was what went wrong in 1968: The leaders were arrested, and the movement collapsed."

Anyone seeking a successful political career in Mexico, therefore, has no choice but to join the PRI. Political beliefs are no obstacle, because the party includes everyone from Marxists to Fascists, with a dominating ideology of opportunism. Its own name—the *Institutional* Revolutionary party—provides the best description. The party that grew out of the blood and idealism of the 1910 revolution has now become a huge conservative bureaucracy.

Mexican politicians traditionally begin life as firm opponents of the PRI. Then, once they have shown their mettle at student meetings, they are quietly absorbed into the system. The Mexican government seldom needs to resort to open repression of leftist groups. The 1968 movement was different—and temporarily successful—because hundreds of thousands of people were united in opposition to the government, although not joined by a specific ideology. In fact, had the 1968 leaders defined themselves politically, they would have lost most of their following. One of the secrets of the PRI's longevity is its total lack of political definition. New groups, such as the Socialist Party of the Workers, must state their political objectives in order to exist at all. And almost immediately they can be dismissed as irrelevant factions trapped in ideological conflict with other groups of the opposition. When they overcome that hurdle, leftist political parties tend to collapse, because they have little that is concrete to offer their supporters. For example, even if they campaign successfully on a particular issue—say, higher wages for cane-cutters—the final decision and eventual credit lie with the government. Peasant groups opposed to the PRI find themselves without access to government credit and assistance. In-

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dependent unions soon learn that those affiliated with the PRI get better contracts during wage negotiations. The pressures to accept and conform to the system are overwhelming; the attractions of opposition are few.

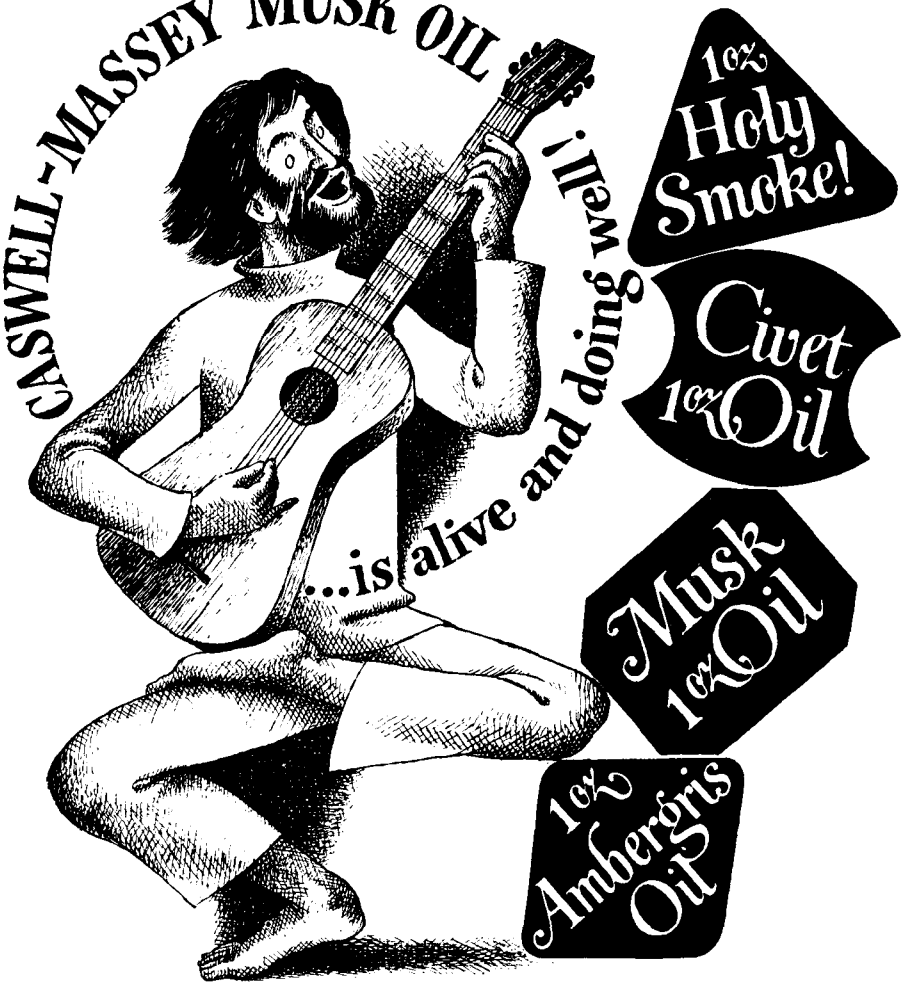
Most of those attending that organizational meeting of the Socialist Party of the Workers expressed resignation. Over the years many had attended similar meetings of similar groups, and they had seen their efforts fail repeatedly. Yet they were trying again, not because they felt they would now succeed, but simply because they felt morally obligated to "do something."

This depressing underside is the real face of Mexican politics. Politics and the PRI are merely the instruments through which the ruling elite perpetuates itself in power within formally democratic boundaries. Open political debate is absent because all key decisions emerge naturally from the private discussions between the moguls of the bureaucracy and the economy. They are then passed through the party and the legislative machine and invested with an aura of popular will.

The overriding political objective of the system is the preservation of privileges. Cosmetic reforms introduced by the present government of President Luis Echeverría over the past three years have therefore been aimed merely at ensuring the system's survival. However, some sectors of the privileged elite have opposed even those gestures toward reform, and Echeverría has found himself in the unenviable position of being accused of fellow traveling by the Right and of conservatism by the Left. And his attempts at reform have been far from successful. As much as ever, political power in Mexico remains a wonderful booty from which influence and money can be extracted. Even President Echeverría's personal honesty can have little impact during his single six-year term.

When a modest attempt by Echeverría to "democratize" the party failed, the government invented a new way of "proving" its popularity. In the months before the July 1973 congressional elections, it launched a multi-million-dollar propaganda campaign against what it called the Party of Abstentionism. The entire country was plastered with posters urging people to "register and vote"; local film stars were hauled in to do television commercials; even the "opposition" parties were given television time

(Continued on page 58.)



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Watergate on Main Street

How far is Watergate from Main Street? One wonders. The question that has to be asked is whether Watergate is less a sudden wild aberration in the society than a terrifying reflection of something that has been happening on almost every level of the national life.

Wherever one looks, the evidence of an unraveling in moral fiber seems inescapable. Scandals involving police departments have erupted in at least a dozen American cities. Police have burglarized stores, or have helped to operate narcotics rings, or have taken hush money from landlords who are in violation of various city ordinances. Kickback exposés are seldom out of the news, whether in connection with military contracts or public-works projects.

Americans have to be vigilant in ways they have never been vigilant before. If a person stays at a hotel, he finds it necessary to double-check every charge. Not long ago, some of the most prestigious hotels in New York City were ordered to stop including false charges on bills of guests. Some of those same hotels were also found to be paying hush money to police officers. I have no way of knowing whether my personal experiences are isolated incidents, but twice recently I have discovered errors in restaurant checks—in the restaurant's favor.

Anyone who wants to have a car or a television set repaired these days dreads the experience, in view of all the stories that regularly appear in the press concerning the unconscionable padding of bills. Similarly, anyone who has taken the trouble to obtain competitive bids for such repairs can testify to astounding variations not just in the estimates but also in the descriptions of what is wrong and what has to be fixed. Home building, renovations, and repairs have in too many instances become terrifying ventures into the unknown. In some cases that have reached the courts, contractors who have been operating on a cost-plus basis have been accused of charging two or three times as much for labor as they had actually employed.

A colleague in the publishing business told me recently that he has had to warn his staff not to keep any valuables in desks, even when locked, because of the epidemic of office thefts. This same colleague also told me he didn't know which was worse—office thefts or the padded expense accounts turned in by top executives on his staff.

Of all the questions a human being can ask, none is as deeply unsettling as: "Whom can I trust?" Apart from petty corruption, all sorts of practices that are as repugnant as they are dangerous abound in the society. Consider, for example, the practice of inserting pellets in the necks of cattle and livestock. The effect is a rapid weight gain, much of it in water. This practice carries a health risk to the consumer. Another example concerns the use of caffeine in cola drinks. As Clara Pierre points out in her article in this issue ("The Nutrition Dilemma," page 53), many parents who insist on having de-caffeinated coffee for themselves unwittingly permit their children to drink several bottles of soft drinks a day that contain the very caffeine that has been extracted from coffee and sold to the cola manufacturers.

What is most serious of all, perhaps, is that the capacity to be shocked by corruption or wrongdoing has been progressively shrinking. People have little difficulty in becoming indignant about national scandals; they are far more relaxed about community-sized or personal-sized Watergates. This is the real problem, and it will not be changed just by the spectacular ouster of some national officials. How do we impeach ourselves?

Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian Wars* is as much an account of the attitudes and weaknesses of the Athenians as it is a record of military engagements between Athens and Sparta. One of the most vivid passages in that book is not about a battle, but about the decline in standards of basic honesty and integrity among the people themselves. Some of the wars in which the Athenians were engaged were more the result of political adventuring or incompetence than of genuine provocation. Such events figured largely in the erosion of the Athenians' confidence in their government and in the spread of distrust within the city-state at large. There came a time, Thucydides wrote, when no man dared trust another. The lowering of personal standards was a basic factor in the decline of Athenian civilization.

The American people, troubled and apprehensive as they now are about the condition of their society and their place in the world, are preparing to celebrate their two-hundredth birthday as a nation. That occasion is only a year and a half away. Special festivities on a grand scale are being planned. But super-fireworks are not what the bicentennial of our independence calls for. The year 1976 should be a year of restoration and of regeneration. It should be a year in which we try to locate ourselves in time and space, a year to knit ourselves together, to relearn the essential lessons of our past, to find out who we are, and to assess the true sources of our strength.

Most of all, we need to redevelop the capacity to trust one another and to regain our self-respect. N. C.

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Letters From Readers

Political Visions

Archibald Cox says in his excellent article ("Reflections on a Firestorm," March 9), ". . . our forebears had the greater insight for a vision of the perfectibility of man. . . ."

While our leaders concentrated their efforts on the building of wealth and power blocs . . . the sad fate of that vision burst into blazing light in the Watergate disclosures. The disclosures also shook us out of the complacency resulting from our being educated to believe that our leaders were imbued with the vision Mr. Cox mentions.

We share Mr. Cox's view that we are in the midst of great change; and in his hope that now our eyes are opened, we will take the steps necessary for removing the stumbling blocks to that perfectibility of which he speaks. Each of us has within him/herself the potential for developing into the perfect human being. Our hope lies in the realization that it is up to each of us to look within. From there we can help to build the brotherhood of man by choosing leaders who have recaptured the vision.

Cora G. Chase
Vaughn, Washington

In view of last year's happenings, "Reflections on a Firestorm" was a model of fairness and restraint. Archibald Cox failed, however, to give any clue as to how public financing of elections can be accomplished without doing more harm than good. . . .

It seems unlikely that public financing by tax money could or would be distributed equitably. Any such method would also be likely to preserve the status quo and hinder or prevent the election of new or little-known candidates, regardless of worth. . . .

One solution might be to require all contributions—to national campaigns, at least—to be made to a bi-partisan committee with strict accountability as to who contributed, how much, and who was designated.

Marshall W. Sergeant
Detroit, Michigan

Education off the Campus

I can agree with much of what Samuel McCracken says about neo-progressive colleges in his view of *This Way Out: A Guide to Alternatives to Traditional College Education*, by John Coyne and Tom Hebert (*Books*, February 9). The abuses perpetrated by some of these institutions on unwary students are indefensible. . . .

If the book is filled with foolish judgments, might it not also be full of errors? I am particularly concerned that the passages about Goddard College quoted by the reviewer not be thought to give an accurate account of this college. We do not entertain any of the "preposterous notions" Mr. McCracken satirizes. I suspect we could compete with him in contempt for them. . . .

John R. Turner
Dean, Adult Degree Program
Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont

Samuel McCracken erroneously assumes that Antioch College offers correspondence study and permits an entire degree to be so earned. Although many reputable institutions provide home-study programs, Antioch does not. Some Antioch centers permit students to apply a limited amount of credit earned by correspondence against their degree requirements; but all Antioch degree programs require advising, instructional, and assessment encounters with faculty face-to-face.

Mr. McCracken's review confuses under the rubric "external-degree programs" things of radically different character. Some programs so named are simply credentialing services, offering no instruction or advising but providing for demonstration, by examination and by accumulation of transfer credits, that their standards for degree award have been met. Some external-degree programs provide advising or counseling services as well as credentialing services. Other such programs provide correspondence study or home study. . . . And still others require lecture-discussion, seminar, tutorial, workshop, or other systematic instructional services of faculty. Only the last of these types is available through Antioch College. . . .

Morris T. Keeton, Provost
Antioch College, Columbia, Maryland

Mistaken Identity

In the April 20, 1974, issue of *SR/W*, you published a black-and-white picture of President Pérez of Venezuela, accompanied by his governess. On behalf of the agency that supplied the photograph, I wish to apologize for the caption error, for which we take full responsibility. The original handwritten English caption, which read "Pérez and his nanny," was misread in our Paris office (where all our film is processed) as "Pérez and his mummy"; consequently, this was translated into French as *"Pérez et sa mère,"* which explains the caption as it reached your publication: "Pérez, with his mother. . . ."

The Gamma Agency has the reputation throughout Europe and the United States of upholding standards of professional accuracy which we sincerely hope this caption error will not mar.

Robert Pledge, U.S. Bureau Chief
Gamma Presse Images
New York, N.Y.

"I eat an instant breakfast, come to work on rapid transit, and then spend the whole day on hold."

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Pictorial Parade

Premier Chou En-lai and Chiang Ch'ing, wife of the Chairman—Aspirants for leadership in the coming post-Mao era.

The Political Scramble in Mao's China

Under Mao Tse-tung's watchful eye, contending political forces vie for the right to lead China in its vigorous drive toward modernity.

by Michel Oksenberg

What do Beethoven, Confucius, Antonioni, Lin Piao, and Respighi have in common? All have recently come under attack in the Chinese press. In diverse ways, each is accused of threatening China's revolutionary development.

The focal point of the attack is a major campaign to criticize Lin Piao and Confucius, a campaign launched in a February 2 editorial in the Peking *People's Daily*. Its origins, however, date back to the death of Lin Piao, the ambitious general who was once Mao's heir-apparent.

Michel Oksenberg teaches Chinese politics at Columbia University and the University of Michigan.

Lin was killed in 1971, when his plane allegedly crashed while he was trying to flee the country after the collapse of an attempted military coup. The attacks on Confucius date back to 1919 and the May Fourth Movement, when those who sought to modernize China concluded that the influence of this ancient sage had to be totally eradicated if China was to emerge as a developed country.

At issue, in the most fundamental sense, is the future of China: Who are to be its leaders in the post-Mao era? And in what direction are they to lead? The issues cannot be simply stated as a clash of "Left" versus "Right" or "radical" versus "conservative." Rather, the issues concern China's quest for modernity. On one side are those seeking a centralized state apparatus and an active Chinese involvement in the established international community. On the other side are their equally honorable adversaries, who feel that an involvement with the established international community will corrupt the Chinese people and make it difficult to create the ideological unanimity through which China can effectively respond to the Western challenge.

The first group has reservations about the Cultural Revolution, the mass campaign that swept China from 1966 to 1969 with the aim of retaining the country's commitment to revolutionary values. They feel that the campaign yielded beneficial results but that care must now be

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Culver

Lin Piao and Confucius—As threats to China's revolutionary development, they have something in common with Beethoven.

taken to avoid its excesses. Further, they feel some Cultural Revolution programs need adjustment to suit China's new international and economic situation.

The other "side," many of whom sparked the Cultural Revolution, believes that continual ideological pressures must be exerted on the populace to create the new society and the new values that they envision.

To date, the latest campaign of criticism has produced substantive policy changes in the educational and cultural realms and to a lesser extent in the foreign policy and economic spheres.

In foreign policy a noticeable pause has occurred in the hitherto-steady improvement of Sino-American relations. Fewer Americans have visited China in recent months than during the 1972–73 peak. The Chinese have only recently indicated when cultural exchanges will be resumed. They have not responded to U.S. proposals for settling the financial claims that each has against the other. More generally, China's rhetorical support of revolutionary movements has increased in recent weeks.

In the educational realm the recent erosion of reforms introduced during the Cultural Revolution has been halted. These reforms, now reinvigorated, include: (1) all high school students' putting in two years of physical labor before admission to college; (2) application to college requiring endorsement from the candidate's fellow workers; and (3) shortening the length of schooling. These and other bold innovations had lapsed somewhat in the 1970–73 era. For example, official directives had permitted some graduates of the specialized high school language programs to enroll directly in the advanced foreign-language institutes. More significantly, parents and teenagers had begun to use pull to evade the regulations. Now, a tightening-up is occurring.

In the cultural sphere, the 1966–69 "Red Guard" revolution saw sweeping changes in Chinese opera, a popular theatrical art form. Mainly at the urging of Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, the plots were infused with themes and values from the Communist revolution. From 1966 to 1970, intense central political control was exercised over the opera, but from 1971 on, somewhat greater autonomy and diversity were permitted. Now this backsliding is under severe attack.

As for economics, in the post–Cultural Revolution era, the use of material incentives had become widespread—as it was before 1966. Income differentials had remained considerable. In addition, measures had been undertaken to strengthen the centralized economic planning system. Foreign trade had also increased, a development that had significant ramifications for particular regions and industries. All these policies are now under scrutiny.

In several areas, then, Cultural Revolution policies have been revived. In some ways, what is happening in China now may be what Mao had hoped would happen in 1966, before things got out of control. But a second Cultural Revolution is not underway—not if the image thereby invoked is of rampaging Red Guards; a paralyzed government and party; nationwide, violent factional strife; declining production; and military rule. Rather, the criticism campaign and the

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related developments appear generally disciplined and controlled, although, to be sure, regional variations in policy implementation and policy initiatives suggest a degree of local autonomy.

Why have these changes occurred? The answer is unclear, since many important facets of the current scene are unknown. In spite of this, however, we can with some certainty identify the leaders who participated in recent decisions to alter policies. The politburo, China's chief decision-making body, contains eight separate political forces of varying strengths whose precise position on specific issues remains unclear. They are:

- Mao Tse-tung.
- Chou En-lai, the seventy-six-year-old premier so closely identified with the policies of the post–Cultural Revolution era, and several of his key aides in the government and the central military apparatus.
- Teng Hsiao-p'ing, who may be the most influential man among the large number of party officials who were purged during the Cultural Revolution but have been gradually restored to responsible positions since 1970. (Teng recently visited the United States as China's

The Case Against Confucius

Landlord K'ung's family is a bunch of rascals. The men are thieves and the women are whores—man-eating, bloodthirsty devils. Before the liberation my husband and I were servants in the K'ung family. We left home in the early morning before sunrise and returned late at night. Our children never saw who their father was. My husband was so exploited that he withered away and became a hunchback. They threw him out into the streets when he was too weak to work any longer.

The old lady being quoted by the Peking *People's Daily* a few weeks ago was named Song Wen-hsiu. Her angry memories only echoed those of her neighbors, who were also pouring out, in the *People's Daily*'s pages, their resentment against the rich landowners of pre-revolutionary China. These memories told of hunger, deprivation, cruelty, and death. In form the villagers' denunciations were remindful of the innumerable "speak bitterness" meetings upon which the Chinese Communists have always relied for creating class awareness. But there was a very special difference in this case: Their village was Hsi Lin, in Shantung province, where a certain sage named K'ung Fu-tzu—better known in the West as Confucius—is buried. Of the 220 families living in Hsi Lin before the liberation, 215 bore the revered name K'ung. However, apart from three rich peasant families and fifteen others who scratched out a decent living, all the others—the memoirs made clear—were dirt poor and exploited, and had been for as long as anyone could remember.

"From their experience," the *People's Daily* editorialized, "and supported by the facts, the people of the village showed what Confucianism really is."

The report in the *People's Daily* was part of a nationwide campaign against Confucius. For 2000 years Confucian thought was the warp and woof of everyday ethics in China, governing such matters as acceptance of one's lot, obedience to constituted authority, filial piety, and the semi-religious practice of ritual and ancestor worship.

The Western world was so astonished at the opening salvos of the anti-Confucius campaign that few outside observers could bring themselves to take it at face value. They used as their model the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, which had concluded only several years earlier. Attacks on Mao preceding that movement had been couched in historical allegory: criticism of Mao's alleged mistakes had been veiled as attacks on an egotistical emperor, while Mao's detractors found their hero in the emperor's wise and righteous minister. Even the most astute interpreters had failed to unmask Mao, in the guise of the emperor, and P'eng Teh-huai, his former chief of defense, in the role of the minister. So when the attack on Confucius began, the Western interpretation was simple: Confucius is not Confucius; he is a high-level official in the Chinese Communist party. The question, of course, was *which* official, and speculation quickly spread.

But when the current act of China's revolutionary drama is played to the end, we may well discover that the Confucius currently under attack is not only a leading official in the contemporary Communist government but also the ancient sage himself. The attacks against Confucius are surely more than allegorical. Since the Opium War opened China's doors to Western intrusion some 130 years ago, her quest for modernity has gone hand in hand with a struggle against Confucianism. Although early reformers sought justification for change in the scriptures of Chinese tradition, twentieth-century progressives have vigorously denied the capacity of Confucianism to guide or to inform a modernizing China. During the May Fourth Movement of 1919, left-wing students, seeking to fill the vacuum left by the 1911 overthrow of the Ch'ing Dynasty, clamored to "close the shop of Confucius." And if Chiang Kai-shek's "New Life" movement in the early Thirties was an attempt to integrate the tradition of Confucianism with the demands imposed by rapid change, the movement's failure was largely attributable to the fact that integration of past and future simply was no longer possible.

Since the Communist victory of 1949, Confucius himself has come under only sporadic attack. But in their continued attempts at economic modernization and socialist reform, the Chinese Communists have sought nothing less than the replacement of the Confucian ethic with that of a new socialist man. Although the preservation of Confucianism has served the purpose of negative example, in the end its fundamental tenets and those of the Chinese Marxists are antithetical. While the Confucian society demanded strictly hierarchical relationships—ruler-ruled, father-son, husband-wife—the Maoists' professed goal is an egalitarian society in which all men and women are brothers. While Confucius preached the primacy of the family, the Maoists seek the centralized power of the State. While Confucius encouraged a submissiveness that has burdened the Chinese people with a strong sense of fatalism, the Communists champion self-reliance, initiative, and struggle.

In fact, the Maoist ideal is quite the opposite of the man described in a typical Confucian maxim:

> Shen Chu-liang one day remarked to Confucius, "In my town there is one so upright that when his father stole a sheep, he, the son, testified against him."
>
> [Confucius answered,] "The upright folk in my town differ from this. The father in such a case would conceal the son, and the son would conceal the father. Uprightness lies therein."

No wonder Confucius is under attack.

BAO RUO-WANG and
RUDOLPH CHELMINSKI

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top-level delegate to the U.N. General Assembly's special session on raw materials and development.)

- Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, and her close associate Yao Wen-yuan, both of whom were Cultural Revolution activists. They are assumed—perhaps inaccurately—to be radical and influential in the cultural sphere.
- The Shanghai-based officials Wang Hung-wen, who rose to third place in the party ranks last August, and Chang Ch'un-ch'iao, the head of the Shanghai party apparatus.
- Two regional military figures—Ch'en Hsi-lien, who in December was transferred from the northeast to Peking, and Hsu Shih-yu, who was shifted from Nanking to Canton (the two men could be rivals).
- Li Teh-sheng, former head of the political department in the military and now military chieftain in the northeast. (Recent information suggests that Li may have been purged.)
- The four party elders, three of whom are over eighty, who may play a unique, unifying role.

At any given moment, these eight key forces are aligned into three blocs: a dominant coalition, dissenting groups who are dissatisfied with current policies, and balancers who seek to reconcile the majority and the minority. While overtly obedient to the will of the party center, the dissenting groups seek ways of breaking the dominant coalition and of putting their policy preferences into effect. Mao tries to remain the ultimate protector and arbiter of the system, purging those whose conduct violates what he perceives to be the unwritten rules governing political struggle.

Presumably, the policy changes of the past year are related to elbowing for advantage among the eight, in a rapidly changing environment. Enough is known to offer a number of plausible interpretations as to who belongs to which group and how the groups interact. For example, one view has Chou's group allied with Teng's group against Chiang Ch'ing and the Shanghai officials, with Mao holding the balance and the regional military in retreat. Another interpretation is that Mao and Chou together are being challenged by Chiang Ch'ing, by the Shanghai bureaucrats, and by some regional military figures, with Teng holding the balance and rallying other military figures. A third scenario is that Mao is firmly in charge and is re-adjusting the balance to weaken Chou and some regional military figures by elevating Chiang Ch'ing and Teng Hsiao-p'ing. But not enough is known to demonstrate conclusively which interpretation is correct. Another problem with any interpretation is that the alliance and strategies of today may be altered tomorrow.

Eastphoto

Prominent rival members of the politburo's separate political forces: Top, left, Chou En-lai, right, Li Teh-sheng; second from top, left, Yao Wen-yuan; third from top, right, Ch'en Hsi-lien, and bottom, right, Hsu Shih-yu.

NONETHELESS, IT DOES SEEM that the most likely core contention is between Chou En-lai and Chiang Ch'ing or the Shanghai officials—or both. To be sure, Chou has cooperated with these people and may again in the future. In past situations, however, Chou was a balancer and reconciler; this time, as the second-ranking official and chief administrator, he is more exposed. And the demonstrable loser in the 1969–73 era was the Chiang Ch'ing–Yao Wen-yuan team. Beyond this, the competition is for allies, among whom military figures would be particularly valuable, given the significant role that access to military power apparently has played in recent political showdowns. Shanghai leaders Chang Ch'un-ch'iao and Wang Hung-wen, who played major roles in reconstructing the national party apparatus and such mass organizations as the Youth League and trade unions, are also highly valuable allies. Teng Hsiao-p'ing either could be a valuable ally, assuming that he has the support of the rehabilitated cadres, or could serve as a balancer, playing a role akin to that previously performed by Chou—an experienced negotiator with wide-ranging contacts accumulated over a long and full career in the Chinese movement.

Behind it all is the enigmatic Mao. Historically, he has played several roles: (1) active balancer, (2) ally and protagonist, and (3) disengaged observer who believes the struggle is inherently beneficial but is prepared to intervene at a decisive moment.

In the course of the struggle, he be-

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lieves, the underlying tensions in society will become manifest. These tensions can then be harnessed through organization to achieve social change in China. As a result, he indirectly encourages contest at the top levels while lower-level officials scurry in the direction toward which each believes Mao will nod. One possible interpretation of the present situation, then, is that Mao has fostered a conflict between Chou and his adversaries. Typically, he does not want to identify himself fully with any of the policies of his associates but rather wishes to use them to pursue varying policy lines. This stance gives him the option of selecting those policies that seem best suited to the present situation.

The groups at the politburo level, then, appear to be arrayed in a highly fluid situation, where the initiative passes from one to another as coalitions come together and part. To oversimplify, the participants employ a number of tactics to defend and advance their interests. To gain the initiative, they attack failing policies for which their adversaries may be responsible—for example, the erosion of Cultural Revolution policies. They wrestle programs away from bureaucracies under the control of their adversaries. They then implement the programs through campaigns under their direct control. They seek to erode a rival's base of support (for example, by attacking his subordinates) and to deprive him of the symbols of his power (for example, by changing his ranking in photographs).

HOWEVER, an adversary placed on the defensive also has tactics for recovering the initiative. Strategic retreat is frequently employed by voluntarily abandoning vulnerable policies and by maneuvering the attacking opponent into an overextended position. The defender then can arrange for the well-prepared confrontation. Another ideal defensive posture is to make one's attacker appear to be vindictively driven by a sheer lust for power. Ultimately, the initiative can be regained by seizing control of the campaign that one's adversary launched.

Thus we are now in a position to interpret the policy changes of the past nine months. The dominant coalition on the politburo, led by Mao and Chou, took a number of initiatives from 1971 to 1973, particularly in the foreign-policy sphere, in adjusting Cultural Revolution policies and in curbing the military. These came at the cost of other, as yet unidentifiable, groups on the politburo, but including Chiang Ch'ing. The losers sought initiatives against the dominant group and selected issues that hopefully would win Mao's favor—particularly the problem of ideological backsliding. The dominant group, with Chou as its overt representative, sacrificed its more vulnerable programs and searched for allies. As of this writing, Chou's strategy has enabled him to survive, but we do not know whether he has regained the initiative, whether he has the same allies as before, or whether his coalition is as dominant as before.

Totally baffling to the outsider, then, Chinese elite strife is the ultimate in sophisticated bureaucratic politics—full of feints, stage setting, and image management. But the struggles are more than factions jockeying for position through use of strategy. Politburo members seize issues that not only weaken their rivals and enhance their own positions but also that are crucial, they sincerely believe, for the future of China.

UPPERMOST among these issues is succession: Who will lead China after the passing of Mao, Chou, and, indeed, the current generation of revolutionaries? This issue has been particularly at the forefront since the Tenth Party Congress in August 1973. The hope had been to follow the Party Congress with a National People's Congress (NPC), the main legitimizing body of the state apparatus. An NPC would select the head of

Antonioni: Enemy of the People

Rome

Because an Italian film director with a fondness for China accepted an invitation to film a documentary about that vast and still-mysterious land, almost one billion people who had never heard of Antonioni now have a new instant enemy.

Although Michelangelo Antonioni has been placed in the august company of Beethoven, Confucius, and Respighi, this is of little consolation to him.

"I am an apolitical being so far as my work is concerned," he said recently. "I came to China to invert Karl Marx's theory that masses make history. I wanted to give faces and character to the masses."

That he succeeded in what he set out to do has been conceded by most Western viewers. The art critic for *Le Monde* wrote, "The quality of Antonioni's documentary on China surpasses in interest all that one has been able to read or see [on the subject] until now. . . . He knew how to place his camera so as to pierce the secret of these people."

The documentary, attacked by the Chinese as a distorted view of regimentation and lack of economic progress, is a fascinating study of a little-known land mass, told with lyrical beauty. Antonioni did not regard his subjects as exotic, other-world creatures, but as human beings living out a great drama in the framework of their time. Farmers line up in military ranks to march off to the fields. Tour groups line up and march in perfect unison to the Ming Tombs. Children line up for school. No one is out of step, each one falling into place like an automaton. The lens, without help from the commentary, gives us a picture of vast regimentation that is awe-inspiring and frightening.

In the main, however, the picture of the Chinese is that of a peaceful people, intent on their own affairs. Each frame is a bit of artistic composition that, were it not for Antonioni's craft, would have fallen into the category of picture-postcard prettiness. Instead, his scenes hold together as a beautifully and sympathetically told story of a people.

This quality has not prevented the regime's big guns from taking blasts at him. The last salvo, and the biggest, was recently fired by Chu Lan (meaning "First Wave," probably a pseudonym for an important member of the party's hierarchy, judging by the heavy exposure he receives on the rigidly controlled communications network), who accused Antonioni of "imperialistic cultural espionage."

Antonioni discussed with this writer the thoughts he had on why he was singled out as a major menace by the new Cultural Revolution. He said:

"Let me preface what I have to say with a statement that I make no pretense at being a sinologist, nor do I have any intention of becoming one. It could be that the Chinese who invited me and assisted me in my work were somewhat liberal in their thought and comprehen-

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state, a largely ceremonial yet prestigious position. This issue helped bring the Lin Piao affair to a head, when he reportedly sought the position himself—and it could be an issue again. In addition, the composition of provincial delegations must be settled, an issue that revives all the memories of Cultural Revolution factional strife. A number of provincial party positions, particularly First Party Secretaries, seem unoccupied. Thirty months after Lin Piao's plane crashed and a number of his associates were purged, several military positions remain formally unfilled, including Minister of Defense and Chief-of-Staff. So part of the struggle is over appointments to high office, with these appointments affecting the balance among the competing groupings on the politburo in the event of the death of either Mao or Chou.

Another basic issue prompting policy changes involves the proper institutional arrangements for China's development, particularly the allocation of decision-making authority among different levels of the hierarchy and among party, government, and army. The Cultural Revolution left the legacy of a powerful army, particularly in the regions. Since then efforts have been made to curb the army and to transfer provincial and regional commanders. The changes are defended as necessary for maintaining national unity and for re-establishing legal bureaucratic control. The losing regional commanders are potential allies against those who sought to curb them.

Another issue may concern foreign policy, particularly the relationship with the United States. The Mao-Chou effort to improve Sino-American relations prevailed over some opposition, and the overtures were vulnerable to attack if the Chinese aspirations went unfulfilled. The Chinese Communists believe that on three other occasions—in 1944–45 during the Yenan era, during the Marshall mission in 1946, and in Geneva in the mid-Fifties—they reached informal understandings, which the United States subsequently abandoned. So the Chinese probably are quick to note signs that once again the United States has proven untrustworthy. Signs now suggest that unmet expectations are being used within China to attack the détente. Cambodia has not yielded the hoped-for linchpin government linking Chinese and American interests in Indochina. The Nixon administration's trade bill, extending most-favored-nation status to China and the USSR, has been bogged down in Congress. Sen. Mike Mansfield has introduced a bill to extend most-favored-nation status to China, but its fate is uncertain. Further, to maintain his support among the thirty-four Senators necessary for avoiding impeachment, the President appears sensitive to lingering pro-Taiwan sentiment in Congress and has permitted a number of moves that strengthen American links to Taiwan—somewhat in violation of the spirit of the Shanghai communiqué. Criticism then can be voiced within the Chinese politburo that the United States simply used Peking to suppress revolutionary war in Southeast Asia and to gain leverage against the USSR but gave no *quid pro quo* on Taiwan. In the Chinese media, the opening to the West can be challenged for threatening China's revolutionary purity.

Continued improvement in Sino-American relations, over the short run, would seem to depend upon the removal of the foreign-policy issue as a bone of contention in the politburo. The agreement that President Nixon and Premier Chou announced in Shanghai in February 1972 committed both sides to seek normalization of relations—by which was meant establishment of full diplomatic relations. The Chinese attribute great significance to this pledge. If the United States does not fulfill the commitments it made in the Shanghai communiqué, it will merely strengthen the hands of those within China who see the West only as a corrupting and unreliable force in the world. □

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sive in their attitude. They approved footage that did not fit their orthodoxy. It might be rivalry between them and a more intolerant group. Or it could be the rivalry of men with ideas in a power struggle within the establishment. Or it may have served as an excuse to bring about a showdown between Chou En-lai and Chiang Ch'ing, the wife of Mao.

"In every revolution, once the battle is won and tension has passed, there is a tendency to fall back on bad pre-revolutionary habits. So, directors are fired, institutions changed, and as a sop, enemies are thrown to the masses. Thus, I find myself alongside Confucius and Beethoven. They do me too much honor."

There was nothing in the development of the project that foreshadowed so explosive a conclusion. It started with a simple agreement between the governments of China and Italy, the details being handled by a cultural attaché at the Chinese embassy in Rome and by the Italian government-controlled RAI-TV.

Antonioni, who was accompanied by Luciano Tavoli, a talented cameraman, and Andrea Barbato, who wrote the commentary, met his Chinese hosts in Peking. Antonioni still had no exact idea of the central theme of the documentary, so he asked the man whom the director believes to be the head of Peking TV, what he felt was his country's greatest single accomplishment. The reply came without a moment's hesitation: "The new man. We constructed the new man."

"I adopted the idea at once," Antonioni said. "I filmed the new man in the factories, in the army, in the fields. I filmed him among the street sweepers, the politicians, and the magicians of the south. I made no effort to editorialize. I registered what the camera's eye saw. Sometimes the camera is indiscreet, as it was the time I filmed a black market in operation near the town of Lin hsien, deep in Honan province. Or it could portray the ethereal beauty of Soochow, the Venice of China, where Marco Polo first saw the six thousand little bridges over the intricate network of canals."

Antonioni stayed five weeks and shot nine hours of film, which was edited down to four hours in the Italian version, two hours in the French version, and one hour and forty minutes in the American one, which appeared on the American Broadcasting Company network.

Although Antonioni was not permitted to visit all the provinces he desired, he still managed to secure approval for seeing some of the places that were on the forbidden list. This limited access came mostly from a desire on the part of the Chinese to show off sections of the country where revolutionary progress was greatest.

Today, Antonioni is calmly philosophical. "They just did not understand what my documentary meant," he sighs resignedly. "They were just incapable of viewing the enormous stage that is their country and fathoming what a score of actors and eight hundred million extras were saying in the most colossal and mysterious of dramas."

MICHAEL STERN

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The Canadians Are Reclaiming Canada

Tired of being "one huge American branch plant," Canadians are peeling off U.S. influences and discovering their own identity.

by Valerie Miner

Toronto, Ontario

Although few Americans know it, one of the world's most intense and rapidly growing nationalist movements is going on just across the border. The movement concerns, not a radical fringe, but a whole people, the Canadians, who are coming to realize that their country is one huge American branch plant. Anti-American sentiment has escalated on such a broad scale that even the Canadian government—traditionally a docile ally of its U.S. counterpart—is taking heed of it. In recent months the government has severely curtailed American imports of two pervasively influential commodities: financial investment and radio-TV commercials. Further restrictions are almost sure to come, and together they will restructure the relationship between North America's traditional good neighbors.

The vanguard of the nationalist movement consists of university-educated professionals in Ontario and the West, but its ranks range across the political spectrum—from Canadian businessmen, who want profits, to Canadian artists, who want recognition, to Canadian Socialists, who want economic self-determination. And although the issue is widely debated by politicians and intellectuals, it is by no means restricted to them. What nationalism means to an increasing number of Canadians is survival.

Take, for example, Ted Paiement. He is no flag-waving, stomp-the-imperialists radical, but a middle-aged Toronto insurance adjuster. I met him one lunch hour in the city-hall square. Paiement told me that he is uncomfortable with his loss of affection for the Americans. He fought with an American unit during World War II. He has long subscribed to American periodicals. He belongs to a Canadian-American bowling league.

Journalist Valerie Miner writes for Canadian and American magazines. American-born, she plans to become a Canadian citizen.

"I guess I always used to want to be an American," Paiement said. "But now I'm glad of the difference. Americans have too many problems with race and pollution. And I must admit that when I went down east on a holiday last summer, I was aggravated to see so many American trailers. I couldn't even get a space in my own national park. I could say I'm a nationalist to the extent that I think we should take care of things for ourselves up here." His commitment is quiet but resolute. He voted for a nationalist candidate in the last election, and he has been circulating a petition against foreign ownership around his Commerce Court office.

Nationalism here grows from a fertile sense of Canadian identity as well as from an erosion of American popularity. Although most Americans are unaware of the movement, for those like me who have emigrated from the States, nationalism transforms the border from a diplomatic formality into a personal reality. The most startling part of that reality is American omnipresence—from McDonald's to "M*A*S*H" to American magazines, which crowd Canadian ones off the newsstands.

The most telling indicators of U.S. domination, however, are economic and political. Americans own 80 percent of the long-term foreign investment in Canada. They control 96 percent of the auto industry, 90 percent of the electrical-equipment industry, 50 percent of all manufacturing. Consequently, the U.S. Trading With the Enemy Act has forbidden Canadian subsidiaries to trade with Cuba, North Vietnam, North Korea and, until three years ago, China.

Canadian nationalism is hardly a new movement. As Canadians freed themselves from British economic and cultural domination in the late 1800s, they came under the sphere of the new world empire, the United States. Canada's cultural ties to the United States closely parallel those of the United States to Britain in the nineteenth century, when Britain was the center of the English-speaking world. At that time, such imitators of British writing as Cooper and Irving were more popular than other native authors, such as Hawthorne and Melville. Canadians are victims of the same sort of insecurity. They have a "low profile" in their own communications media. Since most Canadians huddle along the warmer border regions, they are saturated by programming from the American networks. They view American problems and American trends—with very little of their own experience reflected back to them. Americans tend to identify well-known Canadian writers—like Mordecai Richler and Margaret Atwood—as their own, and Canadians themselves are largely indifferent to the books they write. Canada's overall culture reflects the branch-plant mentality.

Margaret Atwood, prominent poet and author of *Survival*, a nationalist guide to Canadian literature, told me, "It's all very well to say that art transcends time and place. But good writers don't cut themselves off from their roots, from the ground they stand on. They may transcend their nation, their time, their class, by being good, but they don't transcend it in the texture of their work."

The nationalist concern about Canadian media extends beyond its American content. Advertising revenue is another serious issue. Many U.S. border stations—like Bellingham, Washington; and Buffalo, New York—soak up Canadian advertising money. In the magazine industry, *Time* and *Reader's Digest* collect one-half of the total ad revenue, hampering the development of indigenous Canadian periodicals. The problem is so severe that government has intervened. The Canadian Radio and Television Commission now calls for 60 percent Canadian content in television and 30 percent in radio. It is considering prohibiting foreign commercials—almost all of which, of course, are American made. The federal and provincial governments also have allocated money to help periodicals and publishing houses stay afloat.

Ninety-five percent of the books sold in Canada are written by foreigners; most of them are published by American firms. Therefore, few of the texts studied from grade one through university offer any Canadian content. University students experience the most obvious Americanization. The instruction of the history of the War of 1812 illustrates the pro-

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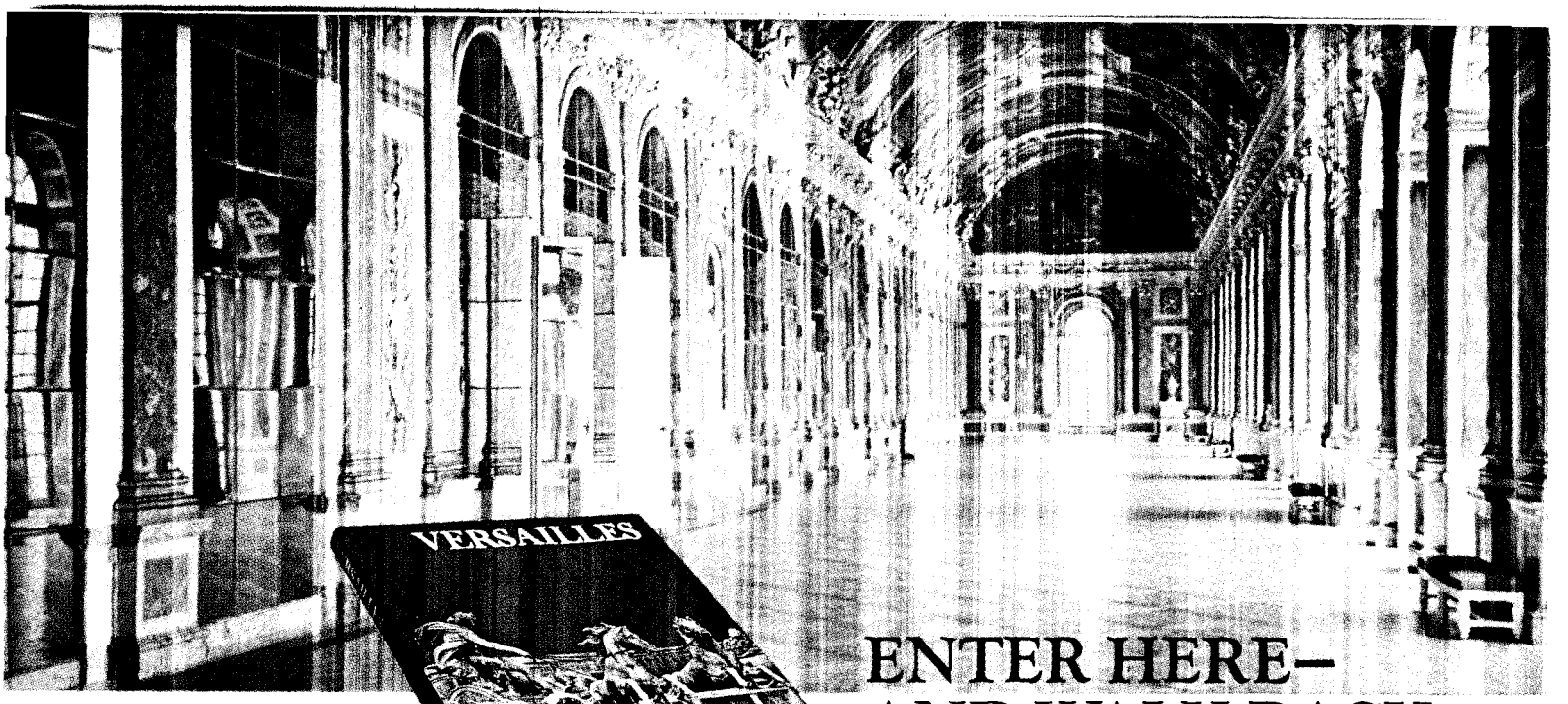

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cess. A U.S. professor with U.S. texts will teach his Canadian students that the war was part of a global conflict in which America was caught up in a Napoleonic war. Canadians will emphasize the Loyalist background and the need to preserve the identity of their country against the American threat.

One current campus movement demands that 80 percent of faculties be composed of Canadians. This bewilders American professors, because they were welcomed enthusiastically during the last decade. But such a quota would not be unique to Canada; France, Italy, and the Netherlands all refuse permanent college posts to non-citizens. Although they send advisers to African universities, Canadians depend on Americans when they expand their own programs.

Public reaction to American influence is hard to gauge. To most people, nationalism means patriotism and unity, not independent development. But it can be a reactive issue, erupting around such incidents as the 1971 nuclear test at Amchitka, off the west coast of Canada. The American bombardments of Haiphong and Hanoi drew an unprecedented vote of censure from the Canadian Parliament last year. More and more Canadians are reacting against the nation that has brought forth the Indochina war, Watergate, and the sinking dollar.

According to a 1973 Gallup poll, 48 percent of Canadians want to nationalize their oil and gas industries. Other recent polls have found that 67 percent think that there is enough U.S. investment here now; 35 percent believe that Canada is in effect an American colony, and 50 percent have little or no confidence in America's ability to handle world problems. Those findings were borne out the day I took my own sampling of more random shades of opinion in Toronto's city-hall square.

Anne Boulder, a young lawyer on recess from the county court, said, "I don't think Canadians will have any identity until we free ourselves of American authority. That means the resources first, then the industry. And the land situation aggravates me, too—all these people from the States buying up our prime recreational land." She said that in her student days "we had no image of ourselves as a separate country."

The Canadian government has made slow but determined progress in repatriating the economy during the last fifteen years. It has ordered majority Canadian ownership in the financial and communications sectors. It also has enacted legislation requiring prior government approval of foreign investments that would establish new businesses in Canada or take over sizable existing ones. But for many nationalists, the repatriation of all resources and industries is the only solution.

The irony of Canada's trade relations with the United States is that the country exports natural resources to the United States but then imports them back in manufactured form, in the style of a modern underdeveloped nation. American investment here has escalated substantially since World War II. One-third of all U.S. foreign investment is in Canada. Canadian labor as well as management is directed from the States; two-thirds of Canadian union members belong to U.S. organizations in which precedence goes to American workers. For instance, in the 1971 Douglas Aircraft strike, Canadians were directed to go back to work by the United Auto Workers in the interest of American operations. But the most crucial debate concerns ownership of natural resources. (Americans control two-thirds of the petroleum and mining here.) One current controversy involves the James Bay Project in northern Quebec, which would provide hydroelectric power to Con Edison in New York. The project infringes on native-land rights, endangers the ecology, and provides little long-term employment for Canadians.

Although the American ego may be deflated in the process, the thrust of this nationalism is not a backlash against the United States but an acclamation for Canada. This is well illustrated by the personal metamorphosis of Robert Fulford, editor of *Saturday Night*, Canada's oldest magazine. As a boy, he was absorbed in jazz music and American novels. When he began his career, he emulated A. J. Liebling and Dwight MacDonald. Although he wrote about Canadian art, he believed that the great contemporary artists lived in the States.

But in the mid-Sixties Fulford started to lose faith: "In some respects, like the foreign policy, Americans simply became a bad example. Also, I began to realize that the Canadian diversity I had been proud of was vanishing. I realized that Canadian independence hadn't been free to generations before me and wasn't going to be free for me. Canada is going to go one way or the other in the next thirty years—it's going to get completely swallowed up by the Americans, or it's going to become independent. It's Canada's fault that we're owned by foreigners and that foreigners make the decisions. The Americans, after all, did what they were taught to do—move in and take over. This is a problem for Canadians, a thing we must settle among ourselves." □

"Omar Khayyám would be proud of you."

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BOOKS

The First Picture Show

THE ROMANTIC REBELLION: ROMANTIC VS. CLASSIC ART
by Kenneth Clark
Harper & Row, 366 pp., $15.00

Reviewed by Anne Hollander

Kenneth Clark is probably the best-known art historian on both sides of the Atlantic, because of the very successful television series called "Civilisation," in which he appeared as the apostle of culture to the multitudes. Among scholars, however, he is not invariably in the first rank, since his books are actually informed essays rather than works of rigorous scholarship. Of all his works, the best is probably *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form*, which is an admirably organized, sustained original study. *Landscape Into Art*, another valuable and original book, is a group of lectures given by Clark while he held the Slade Professorship at Oxford from 1946 to 1950. "The Slade Professorship," he says, "is a peculiar institution, very different in intention from the professorships of art history which are usual in the universities of America and the Continent. . . . Its founders . . . did not intend that the professor should give his pupils a detailed survey of the history of art, or should make them proficient in such branches of the subject as stylistic criticism and iconography. They intended, in Ruskin's words, that he should 'make our English youth care somewhat for the arts.'" This is still manifestly Lord Clark's purpose in the present volume.

The title *The Romantic Rebellion* belies the nature of the book, by indicating an analysis or even a chronicle of a fairly well-defined historical movement. Instead, it is a series of close looks at ten very distinctively original artists working during the momentous period between 1760 and 1860, and at three more who can be said to continue the romantic and classic traditions almost down to the very end of the nineteenth century. Like the celebrated *Civilisation*, this book is a collection of essays that were made out of lectures and into television programs before finally being printed under one title. There is no central thesis or unified historical vision in this study, which is, rather, a few notions about art and artists clarified by a look at a great many pictures.

Lord Clark is wonderful at doing this publicly and at showing how looking at works of art may be a lifelong, self-renewing pleasure, forever offering up new material—new connections, new insights, new attitudes—from old, familiar things. Without felicity and an economy of expression (a happy blend of semicolloquial terms and a brisk use of the vocabulary of traditional learning), this kind of criticism becomes pretentious and unpalatable burbling. But when Lord Clark, with august authority and expertise, states flatly that he finds something boring, he seems to invite everyone to express his own most immediate feelings about any work of art, and thus to do a proper kind of honor at least to the directness of the artist's original effort. In the next breath, Clark is confessing to new discoveries about something he once failed to appreciate, and so we are encouraged to follow that example as well. When he lectures, we are inclined to listen the more respectfully, since he allows not only for his own prejudices but also for any of ours.

During the period covered by this book, paintings often had an exciting public existence quite different from the one they experience today. Long before movies, people loved to see fantasies brought to life and popular attitudes dramatically depicted. In Paris and London, eager crowds would stand in line and pay to see a single huge canvas by Benjamin Haydon or Jacques Louis David, and they would often respond to it with strong emotion, participating actively in the event by strewing flowers or shaking their fists or fainting. Until the middle of the nineteenth century, artists, whether careful classicists or agitated romantics, were all committed to the concept of subject matter, and it is this commitment that wedded the two opposing movements. The public might be satisfied, outraged, or uplifted by an artist, but it could always know what the painting was about. Among all the artists Sir Kenneth deals with, only Turner privately indulged in pure color and painted many canvases for his eyes alone, the way a modern artist might do; yet with his accumulated prestige, he could even successfully exhibit some of his incomprehensibly misty compositions, as long as they were identified and titled. Some of them, in fact, had very long specific titles about the time and place in which they were done, so as to show how intimately the artist had involved himself with the circumstances he was recording —often dangerous and dramatic ones, such as storm and fire.

TURNER IS A CENTRAL FIGURE in this book, which is written in a rather old-fashioned English tradition of art criticism, concentrating on French painting, proudly giving due space to the great English eccentrics—Blake, Fuseli, Turner, Constable—and completely ignoring the vast German romantic movement, with its echoes in America. In England, Turner did make an unprecedented poetic leap out of the whole conventional world of English topographical watercolors and Claude-like classical landscapes, with which he successfully began his long, extraordinary career, and into the most astounding painterly freedom, which antedated the impressionists and Whistler by more than a quarter century. Hazlitt called his glittering, swirling pictures "portraits of nothing, and very like." The English are right to be proud of him; and yet there is such a vivid resemblance between his *Hero and Leander*, for example, and one or two works by his American contemporary Thomas Cole that it seems wrong not to deal with Cole at all. Caspar David Friedrich is mentioned once but is not discussed.

Self-aware romanticism in the art of this period is distinguished, says Clark, by its concentration on releasing the emotion of fear, with the aid of a whole

Fuseli—"Plagued by persistent images."

Anne Hollander is at work on a book about the clothed form in art.

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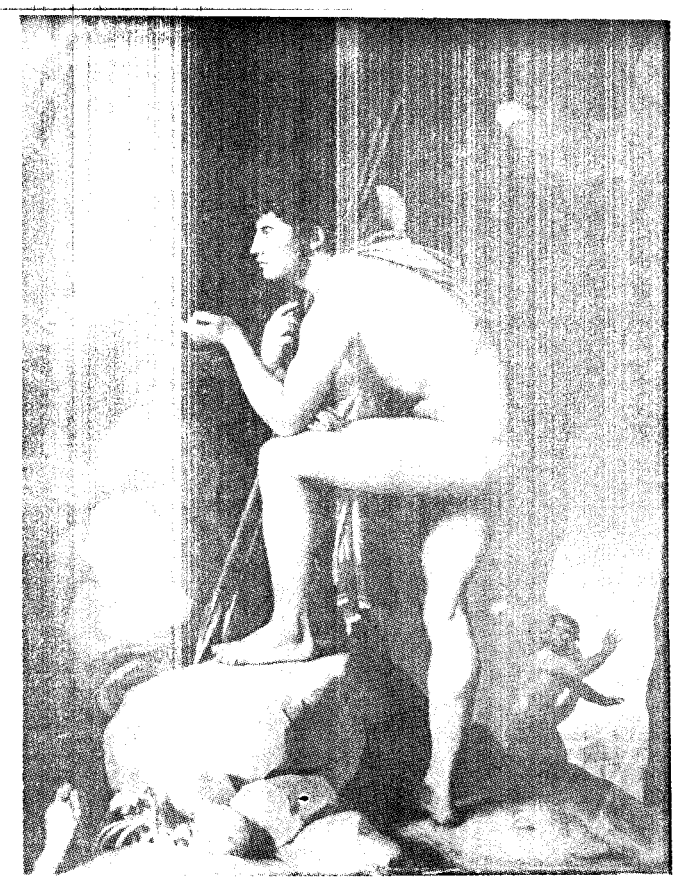

Photographs: From the book.

Goya—"His talent fostered early by the reigning powers."

Ingres—"Arch-classicist and Emperor of Art in France."

system of romantic iconography. As a useful date for the beginning of this impulse in European aesthetic consciousness, he gives 1755, the year of the famous Lisbon earthquake, when "never before," as Goethe remarked, "had the Demon of Fear so quickly and so powerfully spread horror throughout the land." Clark conveniently links the use of fear for aesthetic purposes with the publication, in the following year, of Burke's *Inquiry Into the Nature of the Sublime,* in which ideas of pain, danger, and all kinds of extremity are specifically connected to any true experience of the sublime. It was at about this same early date that the famous prison prints of Piranesi were first published, with their grim, sinister, and unspecifically horrifying architectural details, celebrating the dark and scary aspects of the ruins of Roman antiquity that Piranesi loved to contemplate.

THE DELIBERATELY CLASSIC SPIRIT, on the other hand, was first articulated in exactly the same period by the German scholar Winckelmann, the first modern art historian, who published his *Reflections on the Imitation of Greek Art* in 1755. He was the first in modern times to conjure up the extremely potent vision of antiquity as the source of light, purity, order, and antique style as the loftiest vehicle of artistic expression. Lord Clark suggests that the works of Burke and Winckelmann were the sources of an essentially willed division between the two opposing sets of ideas about the basic aims and proper characteristics of art that developed in the latter half of the eighteenth century. He is careful to point out that in the very greatest artists romantic and classic impulses co-exist and nourish one another, and always have.

After dealing with the extraordinary productions of Piranesi, Clark takes a look at Fuseli, who lived in his native Switzerland and in Piranesi's Rome before bringing his fevered imagination to work its influence on English sensibilities. The romantic characteristics of this artist's graphic style Clark calls mannerist, invoking the "modish, erotic, and bizarre" qualities of certain late-sixteenth-century artists who in their own day could ape the details of Michelangelo's style without ever aspiring to his level of seriousness. But Fuseli shares with Blake the quality of obsessiveness, of being plagued by persistent images drawn up from visionary depths to which meanings or subjects later attached themselves. Clark is quite superficial when discussing Blake's writings, which tends to lead one to question the seriousness of Clark's attention to the pictures. He does demonstrate the interesting connection between Blake's drawings and the sinuous flavor of medieval manuscript illumination. Rather than dwelling on the even more conventional connection between Blake and Michelangelo, he discusses Blake's debt to the whole arsenal of gothic imagery and attributes his obsession with recumbent figures to his early job of drawing the monuments in Westminster Abbey.

IN CONTRAST TO the inward or inspired visions of Blake and Fuseli, as well as to the feathery realm of Turner's suns and storms, Clark presents the massive figure of Ingres, arch-classicist and Emperor of Art in France for decades; and along with him come the opposing Frenchmen, Géricault and Delacroix, and all their preoccupations with disease, madness, and other extremes in nature—fear (again), sex, and violence. Ingres was born in 1780 and did not die until 1867, when the pre-Raphaelites, the impressionists, Courbet, and Whistler were all in full swing. Turner's life had been just as long and productive, but his art had utterly transformed itself in that time, while Ingres spent his life perpetually polishing his very early established mastery. His is the classicism Clark defines as the "true" kind, which "aims at the final presentation of truth and the long chiseling away of form until it reaches the idea." This puts him in a direct line with Poussin before him and Degas after him, in whom the same constant refining

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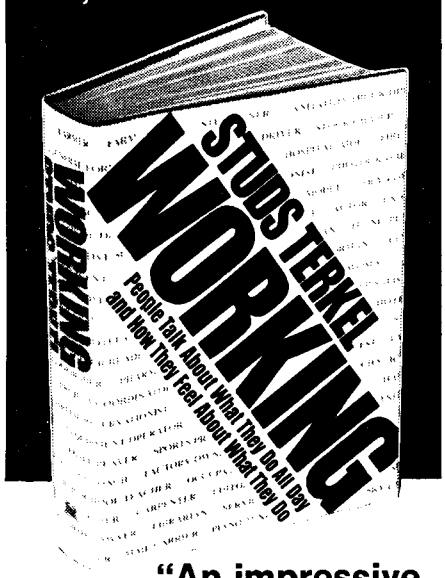

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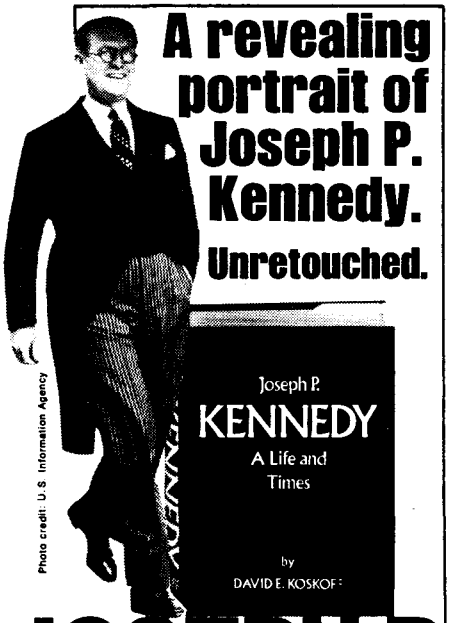

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of favorite images can be seen in process. Ingres's own private romanticism—deep under his frock coat, as Clark says—took the form of a profound sensuality and a response both to female nakedness and to the creative appeal of fashionable dress. Ingres's sense of fashion is truly remarkable. Most artists who live a very long time, if they have indeed captured the essence of the mode in their early maturity, are often very much less at home representing later fashions; but Ingres managed to catch the exact note of ideal perfection at each successive stage of nineteenth-century fashion, always knowing exactly what to exaggerate and what to minimize. It was a period filled with extreme changes of mode, and Ingres's technical style itself changed very little; but his perfect eye, resting on the slide of fabric over a sloping shoulder, or the casually perfect disarray of waistcoat, collar, and cravat, was perpetually alive to the tiny shifts of emphasis and alterations of line in which the crucial advances of chic are expressed. For fifty years everybody wanted to be painted or drawn by him, to find out how marvelous they looked in their clothes, and Clark is careful to remind us twice that the painter's grandfather had been a master-tailor. Ingres's nudes, on the other hand, are bizarre studies in sensual abstraction—timeless, fashionless, and disturbing.

GOYA IS THE OTHER wayward genius who, like Turner, nevertheless found himself loved and his talent fostered early by the reigning powers of his time. The king and court took him for their own, with all his terrifying subject matter and unflattering portraiture. His agonies were inner, although augmented without doubt by illness and deafness in later life, as well as by the atrocities committed in Spain by Napoleon's soldiers; but before the end of the century he had already created the *Caprichos,* those striking expressions of pain and disgust, and had presented them to the king. He had already invented what later became accepted romantic subjects, what Clark calls "the whole works: witches, tortures, shipwrecks, assassinations." He had used them vividly and economically in black-and-white compositions devoid of the rhetorical posturing that seemed so necessary to Fuseli and to later romantic artists—"the horror comics of the early nineteenth century," as Clark calls them. Like Beethoven, who also died deaf in the same year, Goya was an original with whom the rest of the world eventually had to catch up. Clark shows how the famous massacre painting, *The Third of May, 1808,* painted at least six years after the event, when Goya was nearly seventy, looks much more immediate and, incidentally, much more modern than the twenty-six-year-old Delacroix's *Massacre at Chios,* painted in 1824 about something that had happened in 1822. We also learn from this book that the aged Goya went to the Paris Salon of 1824, where he saw not only the Delacroix painting but also *The Hay-Wain* of John Constable, which Géricault and Isabey had seen in London and had arranged to have sent over to Paris. When the young Delacroix saw the Constable, he was evidently so impressed that he had *The Massacre at Chios* taken back to his studio so that he could brighten up the background.

WHAT GOYA THOUGHT is not recorded, but it is one of the virtues of Lord Clark's book that he gives us such electric moments in the history of art, when vigorous and original artists came face-to-face with one another's work across national boundaries and generation gaps. *The Romantic Rebellion* is an avowed piece of patchwork, coming to grips piecemeal with the artists and their works, rather than wholly with the concept embodied in the title. Other scholars—such as Robert Rosenblum, for example—analyze this same subject more intelligently and comprehensively; Lord Clark not only makes the pictures vivid but also makes the artists seem like real men and the reader like a keenly responsive patron. When he says that Millet's *Shepherdess* seems to have been painted in black-currant syrup, or that the hand of Ingres's *Thetis* is half-octopus, he rivets our attention and sympathy totally, just as he does when he hilariously describes Rodin seeking inspiration in his studio, surrounded by seven naked, potbellied, life-size statues of Balzac. So fluid and strong is his appreciative faculty that it envelops any objection his audience might have to his opinions or even to his facts. When he quite erroneously avers that self-portraits always show the artist in an amiable mood, or that Degas found draftsmanship easy, we somehow can always forgive him because he is so personally and passionately in love with art. His infinitely experienced eye is still perpetually dazzled and still seeking more enlightenment to share with fellow admirers of the world's treasures. □

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Hard Times for the Mother Tongue

OUR OWN WORDS
by Mary Helen Dohan
Introduction by Alistair Cooke
Knopf, 247 pp., $7.95

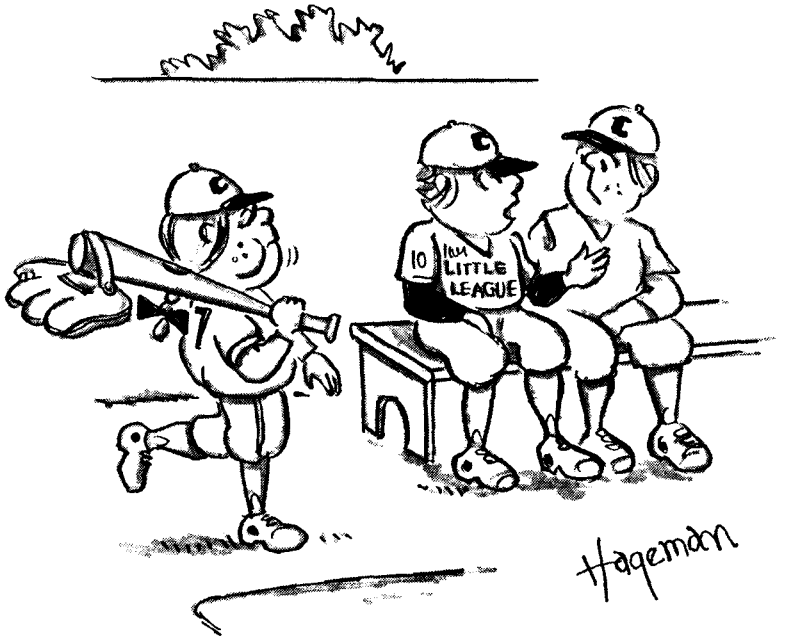
Reviewed by Stephen Koch

Among the great Western languages, English has resisted most successfully the "purifications" of the academy. The language has discovered something like its genius in its lush, eclectic, assimilating vulgarity. Again and again, it has subdued the polyglot historical and ethnic forces pushing into it—from the Normans to the Puerto Ricans—to emerge once again as English, "mere English," only more so. One inevitably thinks of an American metaphor: The language resembles a linguistic Mississippi, into which all things flow, while the big river just keeps rolling along. The French are notoriously our opposites in this respect. Until recently, the French academy and its practical arm, the national school system, maintained throughout the country a standardized ascetic elegance—it is really a style—which has kept Larousse a third the size of Webster's and has forced French to be a language of elegant constructions, seriously deficient in English's supply of—well—exact words, *les mots justes*.

No institutional force of comparable standardizing clout has ever prevailed against the greedy omnivorousness of the English tongue—with the possible exception of the Oxbridgean speech inculcated from birth in the British upper classes. But most of the English-speaking peoples have played it fast and loose, as Mary Helen Dohan is thrilled to report in her cheerful little book, *Our Own Words*, a popular survey of the development of American English. There is plenty of information in this book, and almost anyone will learn something from reading it. But though Mrs. Dohan is plainly very knowledgeable and well educated, it must be said that *Our Own Words* is from top to bottom an opus innocent of the slightest original scholarship, the slightest proximity to the most exciting recent advances in linguistics, or, for that matter, anything of the slightest consequence to say on a subject that is, after all, on all our lips every day. It is less a book than a list, but unlike the dictionary, it can be read straight through because the list of American words is arranged according to people and time of origin. The book breezes comfortably by—it's popular, tasty, informative, not precisely wrong, but mere information. Almost entirely neglected are the history of the American accents, the structure of dialects, and that crucial area of current linguistics: syntax, rhetoric, ultimately the conception of the world implicit in a given manner of speaking. Questions of class and sex get short shrift, and, wholly concerned with vocabulary, the book tells us nothing about literacy or the development of that peculiarly American voice one hears emerging in, say, William James.

MRS. DOHAN'S CHEERY DELIGHT in our fluent anarchy is infectious, but not easy to square with the agonies presently afflicting the American educational system. It is perhaps an exaggeration—but a plausible one—to say that the teaching of English in the United States is currently in a state of intellectual rout. It would be easy to mount a thorough attack on the intellectual habits of departments of English—the stultified, unexamined canons, the depressingly lax standards, the morose intellectual box in which so many of the professors are trapped. But more and more, the battle line must be drawn at a tedious but crucial little subject called Standard English. Listening to the current polemics, one might gather that Standard English is somehow highly literate and the mandarin of upper-crust speech. It is nothing of the kind. It is simply more or less correct English. It is not the King's English (whatever that is, Oxbridgean?); it can't be called a dialect except tendentiously (and several very tendentious linguists do so), since, correctly spoken, it easily encompasses an international array of regional dialects. It bears no resemblance to the language defended with such ferocity by the French academy; it is far too various and flexible for that. There is nothing fancy or overwhelming about it. Its fundamental structural habits are very simple, and (except perhaps for children born into the most extreme of the illiterate English dialects) there is no reason why it should not be second nature to anyone of normal intelligence by the age of fifteen. It is strictly a problem for secondary education; its classic defender is the schoolmarm forever banishing *ain't*. It has only this claim to fame: It is the fundamental—and indispensable—basis for educated speech, writing, and thought in the English language.

Indispensable? The American universities are currently crammed with students who have no command over it whatsoever. And this fact, grounds for despair, is being promoted by some as grounds for celebration. Throughout this discussion, I do not wish to attack the many remarkable teachers across the country who daily accomplish remarkable things. But the fact is that a grotesque proportion of students coming from the secondary schools are close to being functional illiterates. Even middle-



"She not only bats .350 and fields like a flash, but she chews real tobacco."

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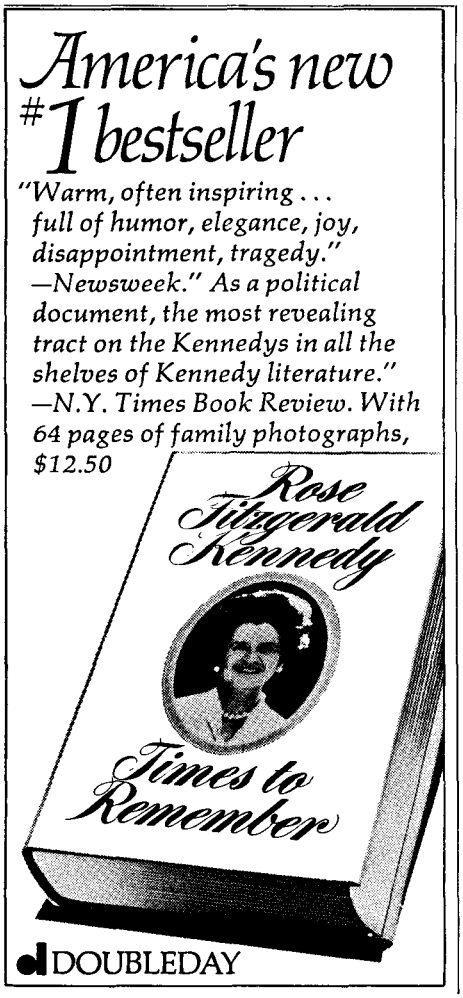
class students who speak Standard English habitually cannot write it: Many remain stuck in the pre-literate language of infantilism. They are only slightly better off than their less-pampered confreres from outside the middle class, whose teachers sometimes seem divided between hostile jailers and people who think correct English (or almost any other kind of education) is a class insult. Meanwhile, more and more the universities come to resemble vast remedial-reading camps, run by people without the slightest talent for, or interest in, conducting them, all within an institutional structure designed for anything but teaching Johnny to read. Or write. Or talk.

Americans have traditionally fallen into the stupid habit of confusing anti-intellectualism with egalitarianism. In consequence, we have created one of the world's largest and most egalitarian educational systems, shot through with depressing elements of anti-intellectualism. The paradox creates paralysis. When the secondary schools fail to provide their pupils with the basic techniques and information they were created to give, hands are wrung and grants are granted in search of "new pedagogical techniques." I suggest that the problem is simpler: The pupils do not learn these basic things for the simple reason that their teachers do not think it important to teach them. I once asked six different classes of college freshmen if even one person among them could give me even the approximate date of the French Revolution. Not one student had ever been told that date. Nobody had ever thought it important enough to tell. The French Revolution? Well, that was a long time ago, wasn't it?

Now, as the universities drown in the inundating ignorance produced by such attitudes, their irritated and depressed staffs—the ranks of the professors swollen by many brilliant people who have absolutely no pedagogical or scholarly calling, but who are busy evading the "real world"—begin to be infected with that same anti-intellectualism and to ramify it in more fancy versions. Standard English? Since it is possible to demonstrate that the illiterate dialects of English have their own coherent grammar and structure, that it is quite possible to "conceptualize" in them, who needs it? No, teaching it is a vicious cultural imperialism, an arbitrary humiliation rigged by the middle class to flatter itself —and to baffle and stultify what are called its class and racial enemies. But there is more. Let us recall that we live in a "non-verbal age" (the talk and writing about that one flows non-stop); to be "non-verbal" is a sign of sensitivity or "spirituality." Language is, after all, a prison, a mere "ego game"; it is spiritually unliberated, for the sages of India have imparted to us . . . blah, blah, blah. Around the educational catastrophe swirls the numbing fog of a politicized and mysticized ideology of illiteracy.

At the center of such discussions is the attitude that makes America the only country in the world where even in highly educated and "advanced" company the word *intellectual* can be used as an insult. It remains something "inhuman" and alien. (Kissinger, we are told, cultivates his accent. It makes him sound "intelligent.") The view that Standard English, for example, is arbitrary and unnecessary is a mere reflex of those with the secret belief that educated thought itself is arbitrary and unnecessary. It suddenly seems, grotesquely, necessary to point out that Standard English is merely a loose consensus about usage derived from the written history of the language in its full linguistic vitality. It is the only variety of English of which this can be said. As such, it is the single key to that history and vitality. Knowing it guarantees precisely nothing; not knowing it condemns one to intellectual provincialism—and condemns without appeal. Not only is one excluded from the richness of the language as a whole and consigned to the stupefaction of regionalism; one is wholly denied historical consciousness—real consciousness of other times and people, above all other modes of thought—and denied all but the most pathetic critical awareness. In a word, one is cheated of the capacity for educated thought.

We are now seeing what amounts to an effort to institutionalize a certain tradition of anti-intellectualism within the university. One symptom is by now at least a full generation old: a perpetual postponement of the most crucial educational processes, as the student moves—forever—from secondary school through college and into graduate school. From an ever more vacuous "preparation" he moves directly into an ever more tedious "specialization," without the customary intervening phase of general intellectual competence. Graduate students find themselves gagging on the recondite without ever really having discovered how to define and satisfy their own curiosity, how to resolve their own perplexity, how to distinguish what is or is not intellectually important, and to whom, and for what. They become "specialists" without ever having acquired the general analytic techniques required for serious thought. In short, they become "specialists" without ever having grasped the relation between the intellect and life itself. *That* is the function of general education, and I believe that in our oceans of schools it is to an amazing degree not taught because the teachers themselves all too often do not know it, do not even believe it exists. Nonetheless, the trap of time and paradox continues to close its jaws. On they go to the next unnourishing phase. In a society that already is doing its best to promote infantilism, the crucial encounters of intellectual adulthood are postponed and postponed, until far too many adults arrive at a kind of limp surrender well past thirty. The products of the most extensive educational system in the world find themselves baffled and defeated in advance by that all-despised, all-desired "real world" ravening outside the graduate-school door. And, conversing about it forever in Standard English, they pour another wistful glass of red wine. □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Books

"Are There Any American Poets?"

by Mark Van Doren

Editor's Note: Shortly before his death in 1972, Mark Van Doren, Pulitzer Prize poet, wrote this tribute to Marie G. Bullock, guiding spirit of The Academy of American Poets. This article was among his unpublished papers.

When The Academy of American Poets was founded in 1934, someone wrote to Bernard Shaw, asking him to say a good word for the new group. Shaw promptly replied in his fine, spidery handwriting, "Are there any American poets?"

Today, just forty years later, the list of poets given the academy's yearly grant stands as eloquent answer to Shaw's question: The grantees have included E. E. Cummings, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, Marianne Moore, Archibald MacLeish, and Howard Nemerov.

In addition to giving the $10,000 annual poet's grant, the academy sponsors poetry contests in dozens of colleges; holds poetry readings in schools, libraries, and public parks; and within the past few years has helped to get the names and faces of American poets on millions of postage stamps. Quietly but effectively, the academy has helped to make poetry a living force in our national life.

The main personality behind this accomplishment is Marie Graves Bullock, a modest New York City resident whose aim and dream is simply to bring poetry more into the American mainstream. In saying that Mrs. Bullock is modest, I am not being conventionally polite: She is so genuinely modest that I have not asked her permission to write this account of her work, for I am sure she would say no.

Nonetheless, hers is a story that deserves telling. She was born just before World War I in Paris, to American parents, and she spent her youth abroad. Her life in the United States following her marriage in 1933 might easily have been nothing but the life of a society leader, for she was and is brilliant, vivacious, and beautiful. But she had a consuming interest in poetry that carried her almost at once into the company of poets and into a study of their art.

Remembering the honor paid to poets in Europe, she was distressed by what seemed to her the indifference, even the contempt, with which they were treated in the United States. What especially struck her was the hard time they had financially. None of them—literally none—made a living from writing poems. She also knew how few writers of any kind are kept alive by royalties alone—the percentage is pitifully small—but it was enough for her that her favorite kind of writer was notoriously ill rewarded, and she determined to do something about it.

I don't remember just what year it was when Marie Bullock and I had our first conversation, but I'm pretty sure it was after The Academy of American Poets had been incorporated, in 1934. She had moved quickly, within the year following her marriage, to realize her dream of enabling at least one American poet a year to write as he pleased and when he pleased.

The academy's original incorporators were Charles Hanson Towne, Ridgely Torrence, Joseph Auslander and his wife, Audrey Wurdemann, and, of course, Marie Bullock. And the original Board of Chancellors included J. Donald Adams, William Rose Benét, Henry S. Canby, Max Eastman, Robert M. Hutchins, Robinson Jeffers, Archibald MacLeish, and F. O. Matthiessen.

From the outset, Mrs. Bullock's energy, confidence, and resourcefulness were limitless. Nothing, naturally, was more important than raising the money with which Fellows—as the poets honored by the academy were called—were paid their stipends. That was the big job and in many ways the least attractive, for we all hate to beg. Meetings, however, were held everywhere—for instance, in Wall Street offices during lunch hours.

Since then the academy has been active indeed. More and more money has been raised, and more and more functions have been added, though the selection and appointment of Fellows remains central and fundamental.

One of the most admirable and useful of these secondary academy functions is the Lamont Poetry Selection. Starting from the premise that it is not easy for poets to find publishers, the academy began asking publishers whether they had on hand a good poetry manuscript that they were hesitant to accept because they doubted it would sell. If the answer was yes, they were asked to submit the manuscript to a committee of the academy that would compare it with others sent in by competing publishers. The volume judged best would then be given by the academy a guaranteed sale before publication of a thousand copies. The Lamont Poetry Selection judges assumed that this would persuade the winning publisher to print the volume.

Marie Bullock—Patroness of poetry.

The idea worked, and an impressive series of volumes has resulted; none of them would have appeared otherwise. The poet chosen, it was stipulated, would be previously unpublished. Nothing about the Lamont Poetry Selection was more telling, probably, than this proviso.

The academy also promotes annual poetry contests at sixty colleges, with prizes of $100. Regional poetry circuits provide reading tours for poets; on the average, there are ten colleges to a region. And since 1963 the academy has presented poetry readings in New York City's Guggenheim Museum and in the Donnell branch of the New York Public Library. It has also presented readings and discussions on contemporary poetry to elementary, junior, and senior high school students and their teachers in the New York public school system—a program so successful that it has become the model for similar programs in many other American cities.

All the while, it has been the glowing presence of Marie Bullock that has brought all these things to pass and has made them so fabulously successful. American poets, and American letters generally, owe her and the academy a debt whose extent is still insufficiently recognized. □

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

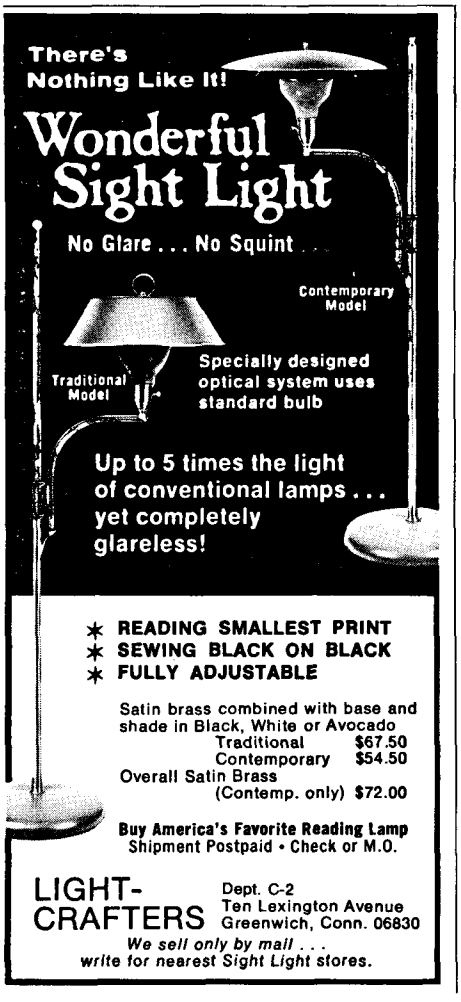
Avenue C

Galway Kinnell, born in 1927, is one of the three or four finest American poets. Houghton Mifflin has just re-issued three of his out-of-print books in one volume, *The Avenue Bearing the Initial of Christ Into the New World.* They are strong, rich poems, with occasional quiet nature meditations. Here's one of the latter, called "Spring Oak":

Above the quiet valley and unrippled lake
while woodchucks burrowed new holes, and
birds sang,
and radicles began downward and shoots
committed themselves to the spring
and entered with tiny industrious
earthquakes,
a dry-rooted, winter-twisted oak
revealed itself slowly. And one morning
while the valley underneath was still
sleeping
it shook itself and it was all green.

Empty

The word *widow,* according to Lynn Caine, is Sanskrit and means "empty." Her book, *Widow* (William Morrow, May 29), is the wrenching story of her young husband's suffering—cancer—his death, and her hereafter. She was left with two young children and a lot of solicitous and uneasy friends: "No one knows what to do with a tumultuous, angry, sobbing woman who is railing at the fates for taking her husband." She has wise words on condolence letters: For goodness sakes, don't go on about how bad *you* feel; sympathize and offer some concrete help. Mrs. Caine had a good job, intelligence, and courage, and there are surely many widows among America's 10 million who will get a great deal from the book. And not only widows, certainly.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Callid

There's no author who asks so much suspension of disbelief as does Richard Condon. Here's his eleventh novel, *Winter Kills* (Dial, May 29), with as preposterous a plot as I've ever dropped a jaw at. Sufficient to say that it has to do with the rifle assassination of a young American President. As usual, everybody's favorite fabulist loads his book with inside information: the best address in Paris; the best restaurants in Dallas, Philadelphia, and Cleveland; the best bakery in West Cork; the best Australian white Burgundy. His vocabulary sent me to my thirteen-volume *Oxford English Dictionary* and two slang dictionaries: "When he awoke he was as naked as a nixon." Won't do. No such word. (Until now?) And, "[they] had about eight days of callid copulating." *Callid* turns out to be "crafty" or "cunning." Callid, this Condon.

Poem or Fiction?

There are some works of fiction I think of as poems. Joyce's *The Dead,* for example, doesn't waste a word, has the balance and depth of a great poem, and is as affecting. F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* has somewhat the same effect. (But please, the book, not the movie, which is as overblown as a beached blowfish.) And now I've just read poet R. G. Vliet's novella, *Rockspring,* which first appeared in its entirety in the twenty-fifth-anniversary issue of *The Hudson Review* and is coming in book form from Viking on May 28. Set in homesteading Texas in 1830, it is, at its most basic, the story of a fifteen-year-old girl who is kidnapped by a small group of Mexican bandits. It recounts her adventures and, eventually, her return to her family. Simply beautiful.

Silly

"A fat bursting woman was clutching a gross of Pekinese." If that kind of humor appeals to you, you'll love *Adolf Hitler: My Part in His Downfall* by Spike Milligan (Harper's Magazine Press, just out). Milligan, a member of the famous English "Goon Show," is a playwright, actor, and brilliant light-verse poet. He's also just shown up in the film *The Three Musketeers.* The book is about his early days in the forces during World War II; all-out humo(u)r—he'll try *any*thing. Vulgar and ever so silly: "He doled out something in my mess tin. 'What is it?' I asked. 'Irish Stew,' he said. 'Then,' I replied, 'Irish Stew in the name of the Law.' " Or take a thing like this:

There was Lance Bombardier Dodds who slept in the Q. stores. He aspired to Opera. His powerful voice was not improved by singing a quarter-tone flat, especially as he started after lights out. We decided to act. One night as he lay singing "Your tiny hand is frozen," he must have heard the door open. "Who is it?" he said. Hurling a bucket of water, I replied, "Puccini."

Fowler and Follett

I would hate to have had Wilson Follett read this column. Surely I've made some dreadful grammatical errors? He's the austere and witty writer of *Modern American Usage,* which Warner Paperback Library has just had the good sense to re-issue for $1.95. Follett, as it is generally known, was first published in 1966 and has been accepted as the American Fowler (*Modern English Usage*). You'll find out all about *career* and *careen* and *imply* and *infer,* and *-ize*—all the old favorite misuses of diction (and I mean diction). My problem is where to stop quoting. Here on barbarisms: "The inventor of the term *guidance counselor* had barbarism in him by birthright; that is, a total blindness to logic and to what the Germans call *Sprachgefühl,* the sense of language." He despises the ungraceful *and/or,* and says, "The truth is commemorated in the couplet: 'Had he foreseen the modern use of and/or,/It would have sickened Walter Savage Landor.' " □

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Books in Brief

AMERICAN FRIED: ADVENTURES OF A HAPPY EATER
by Calvin Trillin
Doubleday, 216 pp., $6.95

Mr. Trillin here documents what he and certain of his fellow gluttons consider to be the best that has been bought and fed in restaurants across America. It is an inspired enterprise and a bracing one, considering the social institutions that are maltreated along the way, among them the instinct that impels the citizens of Middle America to greet all visitors from the East with the announcement that they would not dream of living in New York. So regularly does the observation present itself that Mr. Trillin believes there is something like a city ordinance in effect in some states that makes it a requirement. The bulk of Mr. Trillin's observations is composed of a blend of waspish sociology and a sensuality so explicit as to border on the prurient. Mr. Trillin esteems the barbecue in Kansas City; he is thoughtful about the chili in Cincinnati, and he is elegiac about changing opportunities for gluttony in certain Lower East Side establishments in New York, notably Katz's Delicatessen and a place called Ben's on Houston Street, which dispenses—in addition to ingredients for the perfect cream cheese, Nova Scotia, and bagel—baked farmer cheese, a delicacy not known widely in America.

Mr. Trillin is one of that rare breed of humor writers to whom literacy is not a burden. He is a man with a gift for the right rhythms of a prose passage, a man with an ear for when a line should end. Indeed, so far as humor is concerned, Mr. Trillin has here performed one of the most admirable and elegantly ordered entertainments to have come by in years.

•

THE TRIAL OF CHAPLAIN JENSEN
by Chaplain Andrew Jensen
with Martin Abramson
Arbor House, 288 pp., $7.95

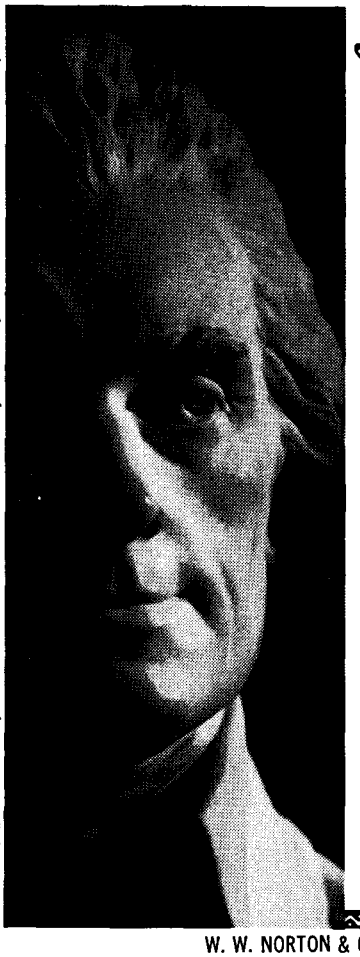
In 1971 Chaplain Andrew Jensen was stationed at Cecil Field, Florida. Chaplain Jensen, a Baptist, had made clear his disapproval of the swinging life that prevailed at the base. He was known as a man who refused hard liquor, as a chaplain who refused to ignore the casual moral standards in evidence at the base—particularly those with regard to sex. Undoubtedly as the result of having made himself unpopular, Chaplain Jensen became the target of accusations that he had had affairs with two of the busiest women on the base, and in an attack of moral fervor as unprecedented as it was sudden, the CO and the rest of navy officialdom at Cecil Field pressed for a court-martial. Chaplain Jensen was, to be sure, found not guilty, despite the determined efforts of a cabal in the Cecil Field chain of command to destroy him. They used tainted evidence and perjured witnesses, and if this book records the testimony correctly, they did these things knowingly.

It is a straightforward book and a harrowing one, a work that requires recognition of the malignity that can be put into motion to destroy that man whose moral standards are such as to threaten the society around him. It is difficult to read more than a chapter of Chaplain Jensen's testimony without feeling the nature of the innocence that was under attack. His enemies mistook their quarry for themselves. They attacked the moral life of a man who prized his virtue above all else and who knew therefore how to fight for it. It is a sometimes too loquacious work and, on occasion, an ingenuous one; primarily, however, it is a shocking book and, in no small way, a moving one.

•

THE WONDER WORKER
by Dan Jacobson
Little, Brown, 191 pp., $5.95

In his new novel Mr. Jacobson takes as many liberties with point of view as his schizophrenic protagonist does, but no matter: Timothy Fogel is an endearing schizophrenic and, moreover, an interesting man. The novel lacks the force and momentum of that experience which shapes the life of a whole character; writing about madness from the inside has always had its pitfalls in that regard, and Mr. Jacobson's work is no excep-


Thomas Jefferson bust by Houdon, New-York Historical Society. Photo by Nina Leen, © 1964-1972 Time, Inc.

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tion. All of which makes it more remarkable that his novel should be such a pleasure to read anyway, so rewarding is Mr. Jacobson's prose, so deeply rooted is the wit in every cadence and observation here. There are few writers in English who can capture a scene, an ambience, in three or four relaxed and authoritative sentences in the way that he does, for example, in a description of the Thames embankment at the end of the working day. The vitality of his prose is such that it informs with its own intelligence everything it lights upon. That is why it is possible to have no deep concern for Mr. Jacobson's protagonist, Timothy Fogel, and yet to read everything that happens in the novel with voracious interest.

•

FINAL ANALYSIS
by Lois Gould
Random House, 194 pp., $5.95

Miss Gould has assayed a satiric novel about an analyst, an analysand, and that portion of the literary world which is presided over by male magazine editors. It would be one of those novels that might be passed over without a word were it not for its inordinately irritating qualities, notable among them the archness and the sentimentality that lie at the core of it. It is a peculiarly unpleasant—one might be tempted to say unhealthy—form of sentimentality, coming as it does at the heels of Miss Gould's version of satire. Satire, one is given to understand from the execution of this novel, is that vision which proceeds from hatred and wretchedness; love is what proceeds from health and openness. Miss Gould perpetrates this simple, if unconscious, belief on a novel about which it ought to be said only that it has, at heart, the point of view of a daytime TV serial, with none of the saving brevity of that form, and that it can be counted on, page after page, to serve up with singular self-confidence most of the clichés of our time about analysis and male chauvinism and the politics of personal relationships.

•

WITNESS TO THE TRUTH
by Nathan Shapell
David McKay, 384 pp., $6.95

One of the least-told stories of World War II is the role of the American military government in the administration of the European DP camps, or such of those camps, at least, that fell under its jurisdiction. Mr. Shapell's first-person recollections of the period when the concentration-camp survivors and the officers of the American military government first confronted each other yield a peculiarly moving testament to those Americans who, while not at once able to absorb the meaning of the extermination camps or of the deeds done there, nevertheless set about, bewildered, appalled, and generous, to learn what had to be done for the survivors. Mr. Shapell's account, the first half of which records his own Holocaust experience and that of his family, is frequently overburdened with technical detail and a rhetorical intensity that diminishes the starkness of certain facts. On the other hand, that intensity yields a memorable scene of a children's Yom Kippur service in which each child holds memorial candles in memory of dead parents and the ensuing blaze provokes in the children and the narrator a moment's simultaneous recognition of their tragedy. If it is not an artful work, it nevertheless has the force of recent history behind it, as well as the imprint of a man's indomitable will to record that which was endured.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

You Could Have Knocked Me Down With a Fender

Leo Rosten in his column in the January 12, 1974, issue of this magazine had this to say:

> A word about malapropisms. That word came into English *not* with Sheridan's character Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals* (1775), . . . but a century earlier. *Malaprop* was coined by Dryden, and it happens to be erroneous, incorrect, and cockeyed. . . . The phrase *mal à propos* does not designate a comical misuse of words; it means not appropriate, not in season, not relevant. It does not mean what we use it for—*lapsus comicus,* as my . . . colleague in the Chaos Club, Felix Kaufmann, neatly dubbed it. . . .

Well, that shook me up. It also gave me pause. Also, it sent me to my dictionary. I would have gotten into this wrangle earlier, but I've been in bed with a bad case of lifting a heavy dictionary.

Besides, having been in the malaprop-writing business for the fifteen years when my wife, Jane, and I were the major stars of a minor radio program, "Easy Aces," I wanted to assemble my facts before disagreeing. I never cross my unabridges until I'm sure I'm on safe ground.

That mixed metaphor is widely and erroneously described as a malaprop. It isn't. In my book, the one I don't lift anymore, a malaprop is defined as "the use of a word sounding somewhat like the one intended, but ludicrously wrong in the context."

I could rest my case here. But I feel compelled to carry on, because here all these years I've been thinking I was malapropping, when according to Mr. Rosten's friend Mr. Kaufmann, I've been *lapsus comicusing.* (I like to use a newly found word in all its grammatical forms.)

There are those who refer to a malaprop as a pun. Not true. There is a fine distinction, which you will recognize in the definition my English teacher gave us: "A pun is a word that is played upun." There is no such word as *upun.* Repeating, I submit that a true malaprop must be an actual word with a meaning of its own even though the meaning is out of context.

Amos 'n' Andy were often said to have used malaprops. False. When Andy said, "I'se regusted," he was not using a malaprop. There is no such word as *regusted* (and lately there is no such word as *I'se*). As a pure example, I offer Jane's saying on radio that she took a drive way downtown on the East Side: "I saw all those old testament houses."

"Now what?"

Or any of the following:

"You get up at the crank of dawn and don't talk to me, just sitting there being unspeakable."

"You can't tell a book by its lover."

"Marge and I are insufferable friends."

"Do you want me to strangle a couple of eggs for you?"

"I ate in a restaurant today, and the food was abdominal."

"Absinthe makes the heart grow fonder."

"Familiarity breeds attempt."

"Be it ever so hovel, there's no place like home."

"We had a baffle of wits."

"Home wasn't built in a day."

"Just explain it to me in words of one cylinder."

"Sure, I believe people should learn to live together. We're all cremated equal."

"He's as old as Macushla."

"I think he's very sweet. That's my candied opinion."

"I didn't tell them who I was. I used a facetious name."

"At school I took a course in domestic silence."

"That's a wonderful picture of Abraham Lincoln, except that he looks so thin and emancipated."

THESE ARE PURE MALAPROPS. If they were not, Mr. Rosten's colleague, Mr. Kaufmann, could have saved us this one-sided debate by advising Mr. Sheridan, who wrote *The Rivals,* not to name his leading character Mrs. Malaprop but to call her Mrs. Lapsus Comicus.

Lapsus comicus is an apt description for "verbal boners" that do not contain similar-sounding words. As an example, Mr. Rosten quoted a statement made by Samuel Goldwyn: "A verbal contract is not worth the paper it's written on." Or, as Jane used to say, "Love makes the world go round together," adding a word to complement the warmth of her statement.

These are two classic examples of *comicus lapsing,* when the tongue trips lightly and hurriedly ahead of the speech figure formed in a busy and cluttered mind, grasping at straws to make a point.

However, malapropisms or *lapsus comicusisms* notwithstanding, we used to call them Janeaceisms. A word that came into the language in 1930. □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

Man's need to number is, apparently —excuse the expression—his No. 1 need. It is a drive beyond food, beyond money, beyond fame, beyond success, beyond sex—beyond even success in sex. It is a drive so strong that there is no use in even mentioning it, let alone fighting it. It goes from your telephone exchange to your zip code, from your social security to, presumably, your grave. Fight it, and you, too, become a number—Public Enemy No. Whatever.

But somehow never has this conspiracy been more diabolical than in the field of sports. Everything in sports is numbers—even the whole team and the fans, too. "We're No. 1," they maniacally scream as the clock runs out on a vanquished opponent. That is horrible enough, but the true horror of the depths to which numbers have sunk us is most apparent in, of all games, the game of golf. Your score, your hole, your number on the tee, even the number of you playing—twosome, threesome, foursome, gruesome.

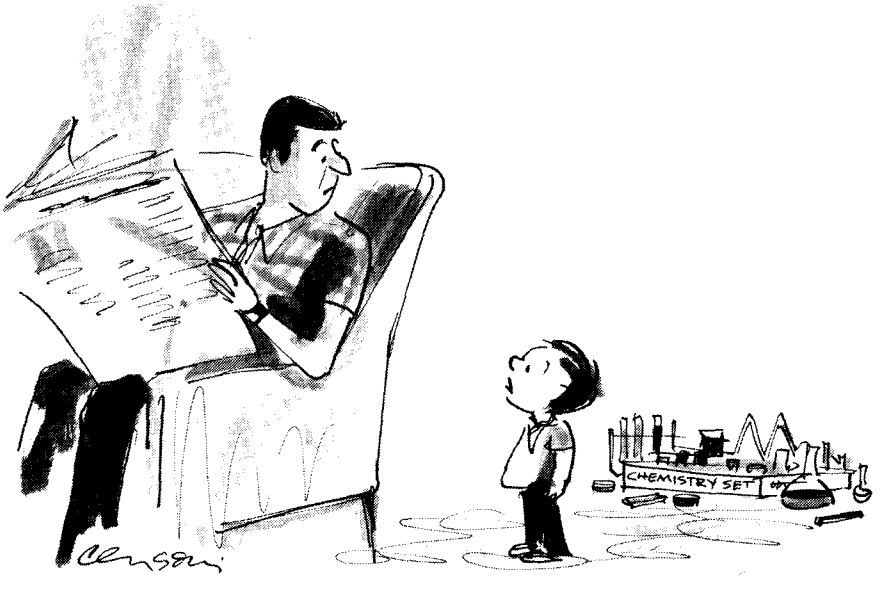
All of this was brought home to us recently in an advertisement we saw, in a Los Angeles paper, for something called "Len Kennett's Golf Clinics & Pro Shop for Serious Golfers." Len seemed at least to be seriously on our side, so we applaud him. Anyway, his advertisement moved us to action on what—there are just no two ways about it—has got to be our No. 1 priority.

The ancient and honorable game of golf was derived, you will recall, from the Dutch word *kolf,* meaning "club or stick." It was first imported from Holland and was, in those early days in our New Netherlands, so ferociously played that authorities forbade it "within thickly settled areas." How right they were.

In golf's heyday—so few days now *are* hey—there were, of course, as today, your wooden clubs and your iron clubs, although the latter were partly made of good old wood. Your wooden clubs were, in order, your driver, your brassie, your spoon, and your cleek. What have they become today? A No. 2, for a brassie. A No. 4, for a cleek. Ah, the rottenness of it. But how about your irons? Just 1, 2, 3, 4—what's the use? A No. 1 for your good old driving iron is bad enough, but a No. 2 for your trusty mid-iron—honestly, it's one of the reasons the damn club today is so hard to hit with. And your equally treacherous No. 3—in those days it was your ever-reliable mid-mashie. Then came your No. 4. No, *not* your mashie—your mashie is 5. Your mashie *iron* is 4. And your 6? You just don't know, do you? What did we ever do to deserve this? It was your *spade* mashie, son. Then comes the 7—your mashie niblick. And finally, before No. 9, your niblick, your 8— your grand and glorious old *lofting iron.*

What has happened to them all? Your driver, your wedge, your putter, are all that remain—alone they are holding the line against those ever-encroaching numbers. And they, too, will pass—mark our words. Just as now some little kid somewhere is saying, "Daddy, what was a cleek?" or "What was a spade mashie?" or "What was a lofting iron?" so sometime in the future some little kidperson will ask: "Daddy, what was a driver?" or "What was a wedge?" or "What was a putter?" *O Tempora,* O Mashie.

The word *mashie,* incidentally, is from the French *massue*—or "club." Remember, even when we're angry, we still try to teach you something.



"What do I do with my industrial waste?"

SOLZHENITSYN FILE—as located by Kurt Rosenwald of Washington, D.C., in *The New York Times:*

Some 10 pieces of hand luggage were searched more thoroughly. A recording tape was taken out, played and returned. . . . Finally, Mrs. Solzhenitsyn was asked to empty her pockets for inspection. The Soviet officials were all studiously police.

From, we presume, the Politeburo.

KEANE WORK—noted by Mrs. George Shefler of Phoenix, in *The Arizona Republic:*

Margaret Keane, the world famous painter of big-eyed waifs, is spending her time these days knocking on strangers' doors with a Bible in her hand.

The artist, whose paintings of saucer-eyed children are internationally known, says her paintings have lost their "haunting look" . . . because I've found abiding happiness. . . .

Buyers of her work include General Issimo and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

Anyway, he sounds more democratic.

WANT AD DEPT.—located by Mrs. M. Pobereskin of Columbus, Ohio, in the Ann Arbor, Michigan, *Summer Daily:*

Humans and cashiers wanted.

No robots, apparently, need apply. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 10

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 52.

WRA XAEOCP OC KAG UCCT
SCCQO EXA GXJWWAP JO
WREW OC KAG HACHIA GRC
LEP GXJWA QPCG EPMWRJPU.
GEIWAX SEUARCW

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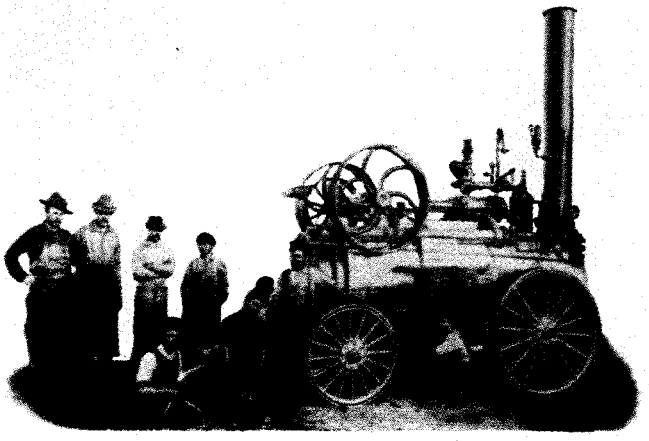

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Unicracking was, of course, the product of many scientists, engineers, and technicians at Union Oil, but it was Rowland Hansford who perfected the catalyst without which the chemical reactions that make up Unicracking wouldn't happen.

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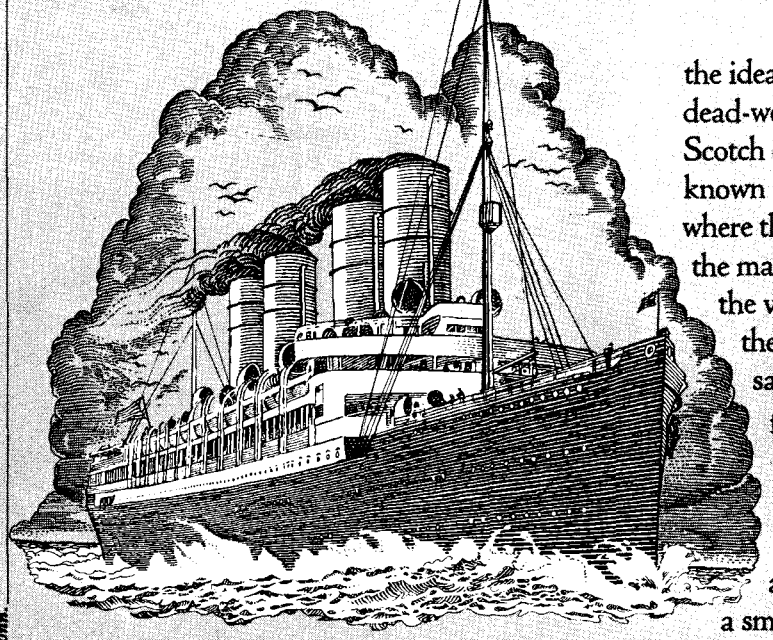
How much King's Ransom is lost at sea?



We've lost the odd barrel in a storm and lost a bit more to torpedoes in two world wars. But our losses all-in-all were never so big as to make the fish tipsy.

One time we did lose enough to raise the waters of the Atlantic a proof point or two, but the stuff was salvaged before the current could carry it off. A shipful of scotch whisky, including a supply of our precious 12-year old, foundered off an island in the Hebrides. The islanders, quite sensibly, retrieved every bottle. Lesser men might have tried to sell the stuff, but not these. They drank it. The episode inspired a motion picture. The title,"Tight Little Island",was sheer exaggeration and an injustice to the natives' ability to hold their liquor.

When you consider how many years we sent our scotch around the world in ships a lot less seaworthy than the Titanic, it's a miracle our losses weren't greater. Back in the days when King's Ransom was the world's most expensive whisky, Mr. William Whitely got the idea of shipping it as ballast in place of the dead-weight freighters took on between cargoes. Scotch distillers had, in generations past, been known to cradle a barrel in a rowboat, anchored where the bobbing of the waves would blend the malts. But nobody, till Mr.William, had the vision on such a grand scale, nor reckoned the opportunity an empty ship presented to save on warehouse space. Nor, how much fine publicity could be milked from travelling the maturing whiskies thirty-thousand miles before bottling.

We still send casks of King's Ransom around the world, but only enough to put a smidgeon of sea-travelled scotch in every bottle. Cargo space is no longer free, alas, but we do it to keep faith with our customers and to keep it legal to print the words: "Around the World" on our label.

Every drop of King's Ransom is still twelve years old and the price is still steep enough to bring tears to your eyes. Strictly speaking, it is not, any longer, the most expensive whisky one can buy, but the difference wouldn't make change enough to jingle.

In our experience, only one other scotch approaches the virtue of King's Ransom. By some capricious fate, we happen to make that, too. The name is House of Lords and it differs from King's Ransom in three respects. One: it is eight years old. Two: the price is less intimidating. Three: it doesn't have a drop of whisky in it that went to sea in a barrel. To our recollection, nobody who bought House of Lords has ever complained.

William Whiteley & Co

Qui Uti Scit Ei Bona

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Nations Show Marked Unity at UNEP Meeting

New Tone Evident at Session of Governing Council

In contrast to the contentiousness that marked its first meeting in Geneva a year ago, the Governing Council of the United Nations Environment Program, meeting in Nairobi, swept through its agenda with remarkable harmony and a sense of common purpose. The effort to put the executive director and his small staff on a short leash was abandoned, the budget was approved without controversy, and disagreements were explored rationally.

Perhaps it was the improved quality of the delegations. At Geneva, nations tended to assign diplomats already on the scene; given the high cost of sending a delegation to Nairobi, it made sense to dispatch those best qualified. Or perhaps it was the historical awareness that this was the first meeting of a U.N. body occupying its own headquarters outside the industrialized world. Or more likely, the new atmosphere was evidence of increased understanding of the urgency of the issues and the necessity of a cooperative approach.

Of the fifty-eight nations on the council, only Brazil was obstructionist —just as it has been in preparations for the World Population Conference. In ten days of deliberations, only one issue was brought to a vote: Brazil stood as a minority of one in opposing a resolution directing the executive director to prepare proposals for "cooperation in the field of the environment concerning natural resources shared by two or more states." The question bears, above all, on river waters.

Brazil also led a fruitless effort to block the proposed Global Environmental Monitoring System (GEMS) on the grounds that it would involve an infringement of sovereignty. The majority, convinced that GEMS is at the very heart of any effort to cope with environmental problems on a global scale, authorized its implementation.

The council confirmed its support for the eight broad priority areas adopted earlier (*World Environment Newsletter*, August 14, 1973) but showed special concern for two. Sitting as they were on the fringes of a 4600-mile band of devastating drought, the members urged

(Continued on next page)

ACRONYMS RAMPANT (on a sea of blue)

An impression of what UNEP is up against as an essentially coordinating body may best be conveyed by taking just one area of its work —the oceans—and identifying the *major* international organizations involved:

GIPME[1] has been established by LEPOER[2] of IOC,[3] which is supported by ICSPRO[4] and has convened POOL.[5] POOL is coordinated with RIOS,[6] which is closely related to IHD[7] and is composed of representatives of SCOR,[8] ECOR,[9] IASH,[10] UNESCO,[11] and ACMRR.[12] The last is advisory to FAO[13] and works closely with IABO[14] and COFI,[15] as well as IWC,[16] IUCN,[17] IBP,[18] and ICES.[19] GESAMP,[20] consisting of experts from IMCO,[21] FAO, UNESCO, WHO,[22] WMO,[23] IAEA,[24] and UN, plays a central role.

In addition to being less than exhaustive, the foregoing includes no regional organizations, of which there are more than a half-dozen for the Mediterranean alone, nor any national organizations, with which UNEP must also be in touch.

1 Global Investigation of Pollution in the Marine Environment
2 Long-term and Expanded Program of Oceanic Exploration and Research
3 Intergovernmental Oceanographic Commission
4 Inter-Secretariat Committee on Scientific Problems Relating to Oceanography
5 Pollution of the Ocean Originating on Land
6 River Inputs into Ocean Systems
7 International Hydrological Decade
8 Scientific Committee on Ocean Research
9 Engineering Committee on Ocean Resources
10 International Association of Scientific Hydrology
11 United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization
12 Advisory Committee on Marine Resources Research
13 Food and Agriculture Organization
14 International Association for Biological Oceanography
15 International Committee on Fisheries
16 International Whaling Commission
17 International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources
18 International Biological Program
19 International Council for the Exploration of the Sea
20 Joint Group of Experts on the Scientific Aspects of Marine Pollution
21 Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization
22 World Health Organization
23 World Meteorological Organization
24 International Atomic Energy Agency

Substantial Contribution Made by NGOs

From our special correspondent in Nairobi

After the floundering and frustrations of their meeting in Geneva last June, from which some departed thinking the spirit of Stockholm was dead, representatives of non-governmental organizations assembled in Nairobi found a heartening change of mood. The 150 representatives of 75 national and international organizations concerned with the environment seized the opportunity to do some productive work. Adopting a proposal made at the earlier NGO meeting, they formed working groups directed to the substance of priority subject areas in the UNEP action plan. This proved to be the long-sought key to getting NGO efforts united and focused on the issues.

For four-and-a-half days before UNEP's governing council met, eight working groups addressed themselves to a well-prepared agenda. Drawing on the wealth of expertise and the grasp of citizen concern that they command, the NGOs drafted critiques of the documents prepared for the council session and made some forty-five concrete recommendations. In some instances, these were given special hearings in Committee I, which reviewed the content of the action program. This kind of analytical, supportive work, long encouraged by Executive Director Maurice Strong, is virtually without precedent in the history of the United Nations.

The substantive areas dealt with were: natural resources and ecosystems; population, health, and biology; economic and social aspects of development and environment; information and education; human settlements; general systems approaches to the environment; the marine environment and the law of the sea; and laws and treaties.

The NGO recommendations included a completely new proposal on conservation of species: UNEP was asked to take the initiative in developing a convention and fund "for the protection of species comprising the common heritage of mankind." Among the purposes of the fund would be to compensate nations for economic losses resulting from the protection of species (whales

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Council (cont.)

that the highest priority be given to research in arid lands and to the development of medium- and long-term programs for preventing desertification, not only in Africa but also in Asia and Latin America.

The other area of special emphasis was human settlements, an inescapable preoccupation of all nations, but especially those of the developing world, where the relentless flow of people to the cities is creating unmanageable problems in providing housing and other amenities. Jamaica led a move to establish a fund for human settlements, primarily for research on housing, with an initial allocation of $5 million from UNEP funds and a goal of $250 million over five years. The council compromised by recommending that the General Assembly establish a voluntary International Habitat and Human Settlements Foundation with an allocation of $4 million over four years from the UNEP Fund. The foundation would be administered by UNEP.

Among other actions taken by the governing council were the following:

- Authorized expenditures from the fund (now oversubscribed) of $18 million in 1974 and $20 million in 1975 and allocated for support costs of UNEP $1.7 million in 1974 and $2.09 million in 1975.
- Confirmed its participation in the Conference/Exposition on Human Settlements, scheduled for the spring of 1976 in Vancouver, and authorized a contribution of as much as $1.5 million for the financing of the exposition itself.
- Set up a revolving fund of $100,000 to produce information materials, the capital to be renewed by sale and rental of those materials.
- Urged the executive director to continue his search for increased knowledge and understanding of "outer limits" of the biosphere, particularly weather modification and biological tolerances.
- Scheduled the next meeting of the council for February 1975.

NGOs (cont.)

and cheetahs, for example). The NGOs also asked the governing council to mandate direct and active participation by UNEP and its executive director in forthcoming U.N. conferences on population, on law of the sea, and on food, because of their close and ineluctable relationship with all of the priority areas of concern to the environment program.

The NGOs drew attention to the near-total failure of countries to ratify the four important conventions passed since the Stockholm Conference—those on trade in endangered species, on the world cultural and natural heritage, on ocean dumping, and on pollution by ships at sea. They asked council members to urge their own governments to act on them without delay.

Regarding the Conference/Exposition on Human Settlements (CONFEX) in 1976, strenuous efforts were asked of the preparatory committee and the secretariat to ensure that the already heavy emphasis being given to technological solutions does not lead to CONFEX's becoming a trade fair.

Other recommendations called on UNEP to urge member states to encourage recycling, to move progressively away from an economic system unduly dependent on rapid obsolescence of goods, and to apply a "careful technology" that balances developmental and environmental needs.

The NGOs decided to establish their own permanent environment center in Nairobi to serve as a means of communication among their organizations and with UNEP. No decision was reached as to how the center would be financed. The existing liaison board, headed by Cyril Ritchie, will continue to operate from Geneva, while Margaret Mead will assume the presidency of the North American NGOs.

Global Report

Godthaab, Greenland—The seventeen-member Greenland Council, with the encouragement of the Danish Parliament, has agreed unanimously to the creation of a national park covering the entire northeastern third of the island. The virtually uninhabited area of 270,000 square miles is fifteen times larger than Canada's Wood Buffalo, previously the largest park in the world.

Helsinki—The Finns are producing a protein feed for pigs and poultry from microfungi cultivated in the waste liquors of the wood-pulp industry. Pekilo, as it is called, is said to produce the same rate of growth in pigs as does skim-milk powder, and in broilers it is equivalent to fish meal and soya. Cream-colored, tasteless, and odorless, the supplement is manufactured in the form of granules or meal.

London—Demand for waste paper on the Continent has driven prices to $113 a ton for mixed waste—about three times what British processors have been willing to pay. The result is that waste paper desperately needed to keep mills operating here is being loaded on twenty-ton trucks and ferried across the Channel for rush delivery to France and Germany. Ironically, much of the exported paper has been collected by volunteers anxious to help British industry get back on its feet.

While the government is being asked to halt the traffic, the British paper industry is buying from the United States, where waste paper is not valued so highly. Meanwhile, in Germany the waste is being recycled into toilet paper, a necessity that was recently in such short supply in Britain that it was imported from the Federal Republic.

Nouakchott, Mauritania—Four hundred miles of mostly trackless desert northeast of here lies the oasis of Chinguetti, a Muslim holy place. The precious water from its well is pumped by solar energy.

There are a number of centers of solar research in West Africa, notably in Niger and Senegal. The Chinguetti pump was designed at the University of Dakar. What distinguishes it is its simplicity: no reflecting mirrors to break, no complicated focusing mechanism, no engineer needed to keep it operating.

Since the village well is typically a social and information center, what better place to build a school? And what better use to make of the roof than to lay upon it a heat-absorbing pipe through which water circulates in a closed system? The water in turn imparts its heat to a liquid with a low boiling point; the expanding gas drives the pump and is then condensed by the cooling water from the well.

The solar pump at Chinguetti operates five to seven hours virtually every day of the year and provides each of the 3000 inhabitants with about five gallons of water a day—more than twice what they were able to draw by hand.

Sevcenko, U.S.S.R.—According to reports circulating in Europe and said to be based on U.S. intelligence from satellite photography, the 350 megawatt fast-breeder reactor here on the eastern shore of the Caspian Sea suffered a serious accident and may have exploded. The nuclear power station, which is still undergoing commissioning trials, is designed to desalinate water for this city of a half-million and for the arid region surrounding it.

According to Washington sources, however, the accident was no more than a leak in the steam generator. There were no injuries, no fallout.

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

Author's Choice

A column I wrote last year ("What Does a Writer Read?" January 2, 1973) brought me a bucketful of letters —letters of thanks, complaints, suggestions, and sneers you could practically hear if you held the paper close to your ears. The thanks were for calling our readers' attention to books they had never heard of. The complaints singed me for not mentioning everything from *Plowman's Folly* to Runciman's *History of the Crusades*. The suggestions rattled off titles that made my blood run cold: *Arctic Recipes, You and Your Sump-Pump, The Collected Papers of Rutherford B. Hayes*. The sneers pertained to books I loved and the sneerers loathed. *Selah*. (And if not *Selah*, at least "*Nu*?")

Aware of the hidden shoals of my readers' wrath, I now give you a few books, recently read, for which I confess the greatest admiration. None is "current"—for, as my first foray into recommendation made clear, I want to praise books that simply have not received the sales they have deserved and deserve today:

(1) *The Sabres of Paradise*, by Lesley Blanch (whose *The Wilder Shores of Love*, portraits of four Englishwomen of startling aberrance who journeyed to exotic lives in the Middle East, I devoured). This is a stirring and hypnotic saga about a little-known portion of Caucasian history in the nineteenth century, when mighty, arrogant czarist legions attacked the Dagestan Murids, a Muslim tribe captained by Shamyl the Avar (Avar is a Ma'aroumat dialect, if that helps), the Inman of Dagestan. This wild, heroic man was a military wizard, a religious fanatic, a cunning, courageous, hopelessly naive leader.

The action takes place in one of the strangest locales on earth: the fierce and forbidding terrain of Caucasus, where tigers infested the plains and eagles dominated the cliffs. The Murids were monks, ferocious fighters who knew neither fear nor pity and sought paradise through bloodshed.

Tolstoy and Lermontov served as soldiers in the Czar's forces, and Dumas visited the remote and fearful scene; each of the three authors (an astonishing trio, to say the least) wrote a work inspired by the unearthly landscape, the bizarre contestants, and the furious Holy Crusade—as each conceived it.

So, if you want to be plunged into a phenomenal tale of adventure, mind-boggling treachery and intrigue, a story that shuttles between the court at Saint Petersburg and the terrible stretches of Siberia, or if you savor fantastic figures and mesmerizing drama—dip into this coruscating narrative. The prose will nail you to your chair.

(2) *Capitalism and the Historians*. This collection of essays by T. S. Ashton, Louis Hacker, F. A. Hayek, W. H. Hutt, and Bertrand de Jouvenal (all professors with first-rate minds and uncommon analytic precision) will, I guarantee, be a landmark in your intellectual domain. For these economists prove, with startling examples and watertight arguments, that the Industrial Revolution in Great Britain brought vast material salvation even to the workers in London's and Liverpool's worst slums.

Capitalism and the Historians makes hash out of our traditional picture of the evils, the horrors, and the "inhumane" impact of the factory system. Case studies—as fascinating as they are unexpected—lead to remarkable insights and conclusions about the alleged misfortunes and hardships suffered by members of the working classes—who were, in fact, saved from starvation, who vastly improved their, and their children's, food, clothes, shelter, education. As Professor Hayek remarks:

> It is easy enough to find . . . instances of extreme poverty and draw the conclusion that this must have been the effect of the introduction of machinery, *without asking whether conditions had been better or . . . worse before*. . . . We must not . . . allow a distortion of the facts, even if committed out of humanitarian zeal, to affect our view of what we owe to a system which for the first time in history made people feel that this misery might be avoidable. The very claims and ambitions of the working classes were and are the result of *the enormous improvement of their condition which capitalism brought about*. . . . Even general health was on the whole benefited rather than harmed. [My italics.]

One item: In 1843, a Mrs. Cooke Taylor of London visited the industrial areas of Lancashire and, knowing something of where the workers *had come from* and in what ghastly conditions they had lived, wrote: "Now that I have seen the factory people at work . . . I am totally at a loss to account for the outcry . . . They are better clothed, better fed, and better conducted than many other . . . working people [or than they were before they found factory jobs]."

Professor Ashton cites the testimony of the ministers and families in the "idyllic" rural towns from which whole families had moved, flocking to the cities' "cesspools" and ghastly slums; the pastors and friends agreed on how miraculously the country poor had *improved* their lives by becoming workers. People who had lived in ditches and barns—hungry, unemployed, hopeless—found new lives, money, opportunity, and warm housing in what, on the face of it, looks like a horrid fate.

One astonishing fact emerges from this remarkable work: Karl Marx simply did not understand what he was writing about.

Read this book, and you will revise the stereotypes about socialism and capitalism that we all learned from the standard strictures of the Webbs and Hammond, G. B. Shaw, Bertrand Russell, et alia.

(3) *Venice*, by James Morris. This lyrical, immensely informative book about the most enchanting city I have ever seen is a marvel of stylistic elegance, of substance elevated by grace. The history, pageantry, and splendor of the "Queen of the Adriatic" are recounted with matchless authority. It is a travel book to drool over.

(Incidentally, the author, an Englishman, married, a devoted father, recently underwent a change-of-sex operation. His description, to an English interviewer, of why he took so drastic a step [to which his wife and children agreed] and how, even in childhood, he prayed to become a woman, is one of the most moving confessions I know.) □

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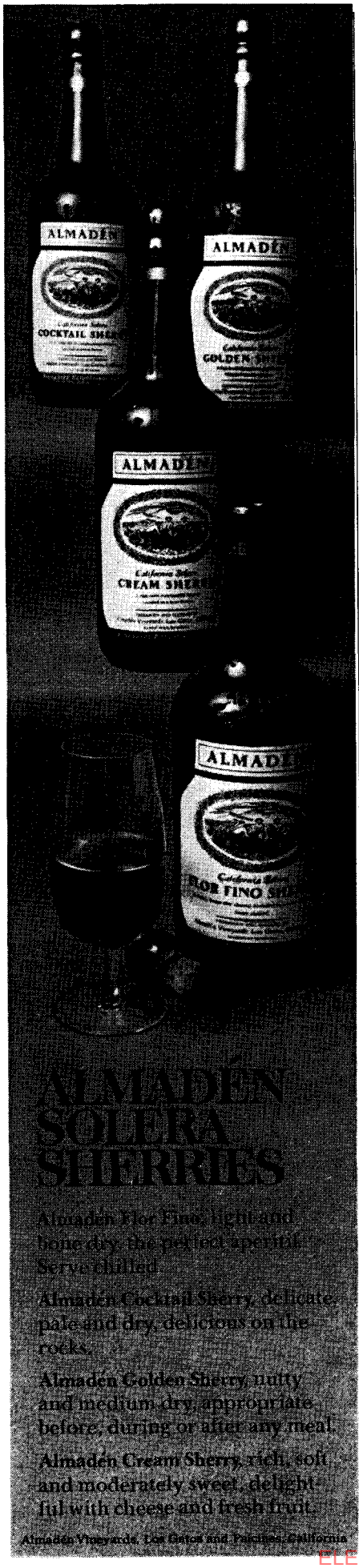
ALMADEN
ALMADEN
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ALMADEN
ALMADEN SOLERA SHERRIES
Almaden Flor Fino, light and bone dry, the perfect aperitif. Serve chilled.
Almaden Cocktail Sherry, delicate, pale and dry, delicious on the rocks.
Almaden Golden Sherry, nutty and medium dry, appropriate before, during or after any meal.
Almaden Cream Sherry, rich, soft and moderately sweet, delightful with cheese and fresh fruit.
Almaden Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Leaps and Bounds

The *Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo*, compiled by inmates and published by Twayne in 1950, gives the following explanation of *kangaroo court:*

> An inmate "court" that tries and fines all new-comers. Convicted of such deliberately nonsensical charges as "being lousy and attempting to scratch." . . . The defendant is often subjected to . . . severe beatings or acts of degeneracy.

But why is it called a *kangaroo* court? Almost all dictionaries answer with a note to the effect that "justice" in such courts proceeds by leaps and bounds. Nonsense. The term originated in the mid-nineteenth-century camps of the American gold rush and labeled the vigilante practice of improvising "a fair trial before hanging and let's get on with it" an unerratic process that ran straight to a certain, dead-certain, and very dead-certain conclusion. To explain the origin of *X* by describing what *X* later became is folk etymology of the most frivolous sort.

Folk etymology is what Samuel Johnson fell to when he derived *nincompoop* from *non compos (mentis).* It is what your Aunt Tillie falls to when she derives *asparagus* from *sparrow grass.* It is what thousands of English teachers fall to year after year when they derive *sincere* from Latin *sine cera* ("without wax"), explaining that Roman marble dealers sometimes saved the labor of polishing their stones to a mirror finish by giving them a coat of wax. The wax would run later in the heat and leave a dull, rough finish. Honest dealers, therefore, labeled their wares as *sine cera,* or "unwaxed," signifying a true and unfaked finish. The explanation is plausible and can be made to sound learned, but the *Oxford English Dictionary* offers such folk etymologists a useful note: "There is no probability in the old explanation from *sine cera.*"

It is my guess that *kangaroo* was miners' slang for "claim jumper" and that a kangaroo court tried and hanged claim jumpers. Since the most efficient way of jumping a claim was to kill and bury the man working it, and since claim jumpers generally would be caught red-handed in the act of working that claim, such trials tended to be open-and-shut cases of murder, and summary justice would do for justice-enough in wild country where there was no legal establishment. All of which is plausible, likely, and unattested.

It is my experience, however, that anything—absolutely anything—can be found somewhere among the readers of this column, and I hereby address a public appeal to all hands. Can anyone attest my guess and thereby firmly fix the origin of a good honest piece of the American language by citing so much as a single written instance in which *kangaroo* is used for "claim jumper"?

IN PART PAYMENT I will set Sam Johnson, your Aunt Tillie, and your English teachers straight on their folk-guesses. All dictionaries dismiss *nincompoop* as "of unknown origin." More nonsense. The key to its origin is in the earlier (seventeenth-century) form *nickumpoop,* certainly Dutch in origin. Dutch *nicht* means "a relative," in modern Dutch "a female cousin" or "a niece." *Om* is the preposition meaning "about; at; for; near." And *poop* means "clown; fool." I am not qualified to construe the Dutch language and will gladly beg knowledgeable guidance in polishing this note, but if *nicht-om-poop* does not come out in some sense as "relative of a clown or fool," then I'll be—well, a monkey's uncle.

As for Aunt Tillie, she should have stayed off the sparrow's grass and gone to Greek *asparagos* ("a plant shoot; a sprout") for her derivation. As your English teacher should have gone to the Indo-European roots *sem-* + *kero-* ("of one growth, not adulterated or mixed"). *Sem-kero-* yields *sim-kero-* yields *sin-kero-* yields Latin *sincerus* ("genuine, honest, unadulterated"), all in apple-pie order. (Which is from *nappe pliée en ordre,* the washed, ironed, neatly folded, and stored linen [napery] of the Norman household in England. The Saxon wench who did the work wasn't about to take up French, but she could make "apple-pie order" of that French mouthful, and did. What else can one expect of a people who, moved to name a pub for the Infanta di Castile [the never-quite bride of James I], came up with The Elephant and Castle? Pie their beds, I say, which is another piece of pie cut from French *plier* ["to fold"].) □

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Film

In the American Grain

by Hollis Alpert

We might easily construct a trend with three of this season's movies. Young people running away from the law and toward retribution make up the common subject matter of *Badlands, The Sugarland Express,* and *Thieves Like Us.* But the directors involved would just as soon blame the commonality on coincidence, for three quite different sensibilities can be seen at work beneath the superficial resemblances, and all three films represent distinct accomplishments. As we might expect, Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us* (*SR/W* March 9) reveals the most technical polish. But Terence Malick's *Badlands* is a better film, and I'd guess that Steven Spielberg's *Sugarland Express* will get the largest audience share.

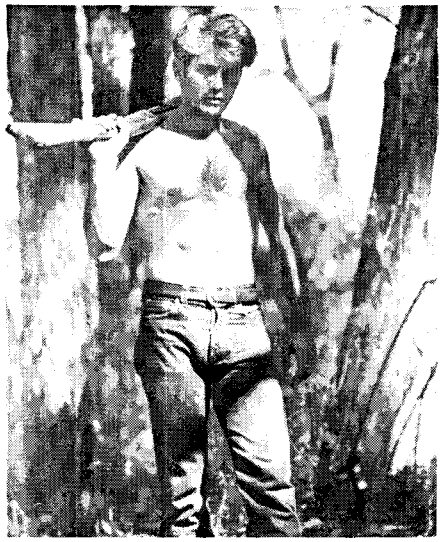
Malick's and Spielberg's are first features, and we can confidently add their names to the growing list of fine young American directors—a list that includes the powerhouse threesome of Coppola, Friedkin, and Bogdanovich. Altman went to a Thirties novel by Edward Anderson for his inspiration, but Malick and Spielberg found their source material in the newspapers. The derivation hardly matters; by seeking implications in the bald accounts, they have found fiction.

In 1958 youthful Charles Starkweather and Caril Fugate went on a murder spree that took the lives of ten people in Nebraska and Wyoming. Malick doesn't emphasize the period in *Badlands,* but the cars, clothes, and references to the deceased James Dean place his story at about the same time. His "hero," Kit, is a twenty-five-year-old garbage man. Holly, the fifteen-year-old girl he runs off with after casually gunning down her father, narrates their story in a style reminiscent of the confession magazines and the romantic fiction she presumably reads. Nary a qualm or a twinge of compunction bothers either of them, as Kit, a psychotic who looks like an all-American boy, wards off capture by simply blasting anyone who gets in their way.

They are young people who have either lost touch with their feelings or have replaced them with fantasy images of themselves. They can acknowledge neither their own emptiness nor the emptiness of their environment. But out of this, Malick somehow makes chill poetry. Perhaps it is because he once taught philosophy that there is an existentialist note. But by his own account, the effect was brought about unconsciously. As a filmmaker he is surprisingly adept; like other young directors, he has mastered the technology and the complexities of screenplay construction. More important, he is a superb handler of his actors. Martin Sheen, as Kit, has none of the brutality of the stock-movie bad man; it's more as though there's something awry in his brain-wave patterns. There's really no explaining him rationally. The character, as played by Sheen, is his own explanation. The girl, on the other hand, can be seen as emotionally deprived. Her mother is dead, her father a hard-working non-entity. Sissy Spacek, cast perfectly by Malick, gives her genuineness and even evokes a certain pity.

Spielberg learned his craft in television. Those who follow "Movies of the Week" and the like will know him from *Duel,* a made-for-TV film in which a man driving along a California highway passes a huge trailer truck and from then on is remorselessly pursued by the mechanical monster. Spielberg was spotted early by Universal's then head of television production, Sidney Sheinberg. At age nineteen he had made a noteworthy short film, and this brought him a contract at Universal. After twelve assignments of various kinds, he got his chance to direct his own film, *The Sugarland Express,* the story for which he found in a Texas newspaper.

Less probing than *Badlands,* Spielberg's film offers more entertainment, as one might expect with the daffy Goldie Hawn doing a star turn as a young wife, freed from a prison term for larceny, who attempts to regain her child, who had been adopted. For aid she turns to her husband, who is finishing a jail term at a rehabilitation center, and persuades him to escape. Together they head across Texas, pursued by a whole parade of local and state police, and urged on to seek sentimental reunion with their child by cheering roadside fans, as well as by television and radio crews, who make the most of what they see as a good story. The climax is tragic, though not surprising, for Spielberg makes it plain that there cannot be a happy ending (and oddly, we don't want one, for, as a mother, the character Miss Hawn portrays has distinct deficiencies.) It's what happens along the way, the madness and the ironies of the chase, that mostly occupies Spielberg, for he is inveterately cinematic.



Martin Sheen as Kit in Badlands.

Helped by spectacular photography by Vilmos Zsigmond and first-rate performances by William Atherton as the young husband and Michael Sacks as a kidnapped cop, Spielberg makes a dazzling feature debut—more virtuoso, it must be said, than altogether meaningful.

AND STILL THEY COME, the young directors. Peter Hyams also did his tryout for television, a good one, and now he is busy doing features, his newest being *Our Time,* from a screenplay by Jane C. Stanton. Films that succeed beget other films, and this one was begotten by Richard A. Roth, a young producer who had the good sense and fortune to make *Summer of '42.* By chance he had heard Miss Stanton recount her experiences at a New England girls' academy and urged her to cast them in screenplay form. He then brought in Hyams to direct. The result is hardly a great film, but it's a nice one, done in mellow colors suitable for reminiscing back to 1955. And, for a change, it has no violence, no chases—just girls going through their decisions and indecisions about whether or not to lose their virginity.

The focus is on Abby and Muffy (Pamela Sue Martin and Betsy Slade), roommates at a place called Penfield Academy. Abby is pretty and popular; Muffy is cute and bright, but not very popular. Both have their first affairs; one gets pregnant and, unwilling to marry at the tender age of seventeen, opts for an abortion. In 1955 that was neither easy nor pleasant, and, maybe unwittingly, the film makes a case for today's legal methods. The film is done simply, unpretentiously, and while the material is slight, one senses an attempt to be honest as well as evocative throughout. □

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Music

Jazz Goes Independent

by Leonard Maltin

Stan Kenton, Marian McPartland, George Shearing, and the World's Greatest Jazz Band are among the growing number of jazz artists who have gone independent by manufacturing and marketing their own records. The idea is hardly new—there have been private labels for years—but the development of mail-order businesses by major jazz names is a recent trend.

While creative freedom is a factor in the move toward independent recordings, economic survival is certainly the major reason. Bandleader Kenton, whose company is now the largest in this field, started thinking about dissolving his long-time association with Capitol Records about five years ago.

He explains, "The problem was that when they started mass merchandising records, putting them into supermarkets and drugstores and so forth, they only wanted to put on those racks the records that would sell to most of the people most of the time, which of course was kids' music and country and western. There was no jazz to be found. I felt that all of us in jazz were going down a one-way, dead-end street, and if I didn't do something, I was going to be out of business eventually. So that's what put the Creative World record company in business: the need to be represented."

To get started, Kenton arranged to lease the master pressings of his Capitol records and re-issue them on his new label; in the four ensuing years he has added eight new releases, ranging from a solo-piano endeavor to several live big-band concerts. The Creative World catalog now offers more than fifty different Kenton albums and several more by new young musicians endorsed by the bandleader.

Being on the road most of the year gives Kenton a unique opportunity to promote his mail-order business, to sign up new recruits for his mailing list at every concert here and abroad, and to sell the albums themselves in the lobbies of high school and college auditoriums where the band appears. The process has become self-generating: The concerts spark interest in the albums, which promote interest in future concerts, etc. Creative World now has a mailing list of approximately 110,000 in the United States and an additional 20,000 abroad.

Willard Alexander Agency

Stan Kenton—Jazz records by mail.

At the other end of the spectrum is Blossom Dearie, the delightful singer-pianist whose home base is New York. Like many other gifted performers, Blossom has a coterie of followers in Manhattan but little opportunity to promote her new record album anyplace west of the city. In the pre-rock era, people like Blossom Dearie recorded regularly for major companies, but in recent years she and a great many other fine musicians have been lost in the shuffle. Her last American record was made for Capitol, ten years ago.

Teddy Wilson—High artistic level.

Yet word of mouth and the published praise of such influential admirers as Rex Reed, John S. Wilson, and Whitney Balliett have generated encouraging sales for Blossom's first homegrown recording, *Blossom Dearie Sings.* "It's going along slowly," she says, "but it's all right. I'm writing songs for my second album now, and I'm hoping to advertise a little more, but advertising is expensive. So far I've just been depending on the reviews as a form of free advertising." She is more satisfied with her own disk than with her previous outings for Capitol and Verve, which "had no promotion at all and just got lost." Obviously, with only one record to care about, there is no chance of this one being ignored in the machinery of Blossom Enterprises.

As tough as it is for established professionals to make their message known, their problems are minimal when compared with those of young jazz musicians who don't have reputation or renown working for them. Recognizing this fact, the New York–based Jazz Composers' Orchestra set up the New Music Distribution Service two years ago in an attempt to cut through the red tape and break through the brick walls faced by jazz artists who deal in free-form and avant-garde music.

This non-profit, non-commercial service, employing three full-time workers, offers some 130 titles from fifty independent labels to mail-order customers, as well as an informal network of 400 stores across the country that have been receptive to the NMDS "product." The sales figures are generally small, but there is no way to arbitrarily judge success or failure. "We have records by people who don't have any kind of name in the commercial market," staffer Bill Ewell explains. "In cases like that, we have sold perhaps a hundred records in four months, which is nothing compared with a commercial hit, but on the other hand, these people would not have the chance to record with a big company. In a sense, it's an accomplishment to sell enough records within a year to pay for the first pressing." Thus the NMDS makes it pos-

Leonard Maltin writes about jazz for The Village Voice *and* Down Beat. *Also a film critic, he has recently written* The Disney Films *(Crown).*

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sible for an unknown performer to acquire an audience, however small by commercial standards. At the same time, the service does quite well with records from the Strata-East catalog, which includes the work of such musicians as Stanley Cowell and Charles Tolliver, who have already established themselves as important figures in the new-music movement.

The service is seeking funding and contributions in order to increase its manpower and to put salesmen on the road, covering the country, dealing with radio stations, and creating interest in these recordings.

Following is a list of addresses for some of the major jazz artists now distributing their work by mail. A thorough listing of every private jazz label is not possible at this time, and we apologize to those whose names are not included:

Creative World Inc. (Stan Kenton), P.O. Box 35216, Los Angeles, California 90035

Blossom Enterprises Ltd. (Blossom Dearie), P.O. Box 522, Radio City Station, New York, New York 10019

Sheba Records (George Shearing), P.O. Box 2120, North Hollywood, California 91602

Eubie Blake Music, 284-A Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11221

Anita O'Day Records, Box 442, Hesperia, California 92345

Mary Records (Mary Lou Williams), P.O. Box 32, Hamilton Grange, New York 10031

The Four Freshmen, 8720 Woodley Avenue, Sepulveda, California 91343

Halcyon Records (Marian McPartland), 302 Clinton Street, Bellmore, New York 11710

World Jazz Records (World's Greatest Jazz Band), c/o J.B. Hickox, 4350 E. Camelback Road, Phoenix, Arizona 85018

Other sources:

New Music Distribution Service, 6 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York, New York 10025

Seeds Records (Musicians Recording Coop), RFD, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts 02568

Chiaroscuro Records, 173 Christopher Street, New York, New York 10014

Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579, Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021

Choice Records, 245 Tilley Place, Sea Cliff, New York 11579

Pianist Mary Lou Williams reaffirms the importance of radio exposure. "People buy what they hear on the radio," she contends. She is finishing work on her third album, *Zoning,* and hopes just to make back her investment if possible.

Another pianist, Marian McPartland, feels that "even if I lost lots of money out of my own pocket, always having a new record is a form of publicity. And it's very satisfying." Her Halcyon Records was "born out of frustration, because I wasn't getting recorded, at least not the way I wanted to." With the help of a wealthy friend, the late Sherman Fairchild, she got to record the things she really wanted to and was able to engage in "fun" projects like a twin-piano album with Teddy Wilson. Now, she says, "it's getting to be a way of life," with her Long Island home filled to the rafters with records, and neighborhood people helping out with the mailings when she's on the road.

Halcyon also gave birth to another label, as its part-time recording engineer, jazz buff Hank O'Neal, established Chiaroscuro Records, a one-man labor-of-love outfit that has presented such impressive names as Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, and Earl "Fatha" Hines. Says O'Neal, "My aim has been to record just what I like, to try and keep the artistic level as high as I possibly can, and to be totally unconcerned with the commercial value of what I'm doing. I think that's the best way to get good music down on disk."

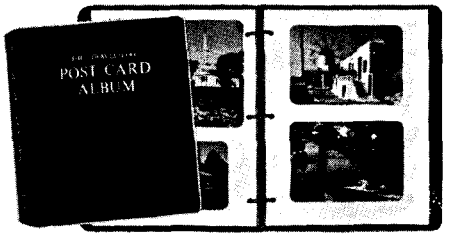
O'Neal discovered that many major jazz talents were being ignored by record companies and were more than happy to work with him, knowing that the monetary reward might be small but the finished product would be a worthwhile record that would stay in print for years to come. The enthusiasm spread to include the artists, photographers, and writers who have been featured on the record jackets. An upcoming album with traditionalist jazzmen Dick Wellstood and Kenny Daverne will have liner notes by William F. Buckley, a longtime Wellstood admirer.

Chiaroscuro is still a part-time, nonprofit operation, but O'Neal hopes to turn the financial corner within the next year. He has just acquired a national distributor, Audio Fidelity, which has also picked up the World's Greatest Jazz Band's private label.

Other ambitious producers and jazzophiles have established their own labels, both recording new material and re-issuing older rarities; the list is endless. What these people have proven is that there *is* a demand for good jazz of all kinds, and if the major record companies can't be bothered with anything but big-selling rock groups, there are people who *will* make the effort to put this music on disk and somehow find their audience. □

FOUNDATION GRANTS

What should you and your organization know about a foundation before you write an application for funds? What will a foundation look for in your proposal? Request free information from The Foundation Center, a nonprofit educational corporation and publisher of *The Foundation Directory*. Write The Foundation Center, Department S, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10019.



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Louis Mélançon

Sherrill Milnes in title role of Don Giovanni—*An authentic baritone.*

First Pinza, Then Siepi, Now Milnes

by Irving Kolodin

Don Giovanni may not be the male opera singer's Hamlet, but good new ones come along just about as infrequently—every other decade or so. Sherrill Milnes is such a good new one, and his easy assumption of the Don's responsibilities at the Metropolitan this spring promises good things to come on stages elsewhere in America and around the world.

At the risk of defaming whatever esteem lingers for the good old days, it must be said that Milnes is better, at this beginning point of his career, in the great role than were either Ezio Pinza or Cesare Siepi. This doesn't guarantee that he will go on to challenge the high distinction they eventually achieved. But if he doesn't, it will be for lack of follow-through—a most un-Donish attribute—not of aptitude.

Milnes is tall enough to dominate the stage, though perhaps he would have to give an inch or two to Pinza. He lacks the Latin ardor to which Pinza and Siepi were heirs by birth, also the spark of electric vigor that sent a nervous shudder through every motion of George London's characterization. But he has one asset, in addition to his fine physique, for giving his effort the old college (Drake University) try that is not possessed by the others: His voice is the authentic baritone for which Mozart wrote, not the bass-baritone to which recent custom has been partial.

As a result, Milnes is comfortably in the middle of his range throughout, undeterred by the necessities either of the "champagne" air or the Serenade. The casting, which brought on, as Leporello, the solidly substantial bottom sound of Walter Berry (celebrated as performer of such basic roles as Wotan, Baron Ochs, and Dyer in Strauss's *Frau ohne Schatten*), provided the proper sonorous spread for ravishing tonal blends in the ensembles with Donna Anna (Leontyne Price), Donna Elvira (Teresa Zylis-Gara), Zerlina (Teresa Stratas), and Don Ottavio (Stuart Burrows). As disciplined by the lightly flexible hand of James Levine, the totality of timbres can stand for years as a new Mozartian standard.

By an accident of economics, which forbade the planned investment in a new production, Eugene Berman's classic designs were reinstated. This was in every way welcome, for they have attained, through years of careful usage, a patina that provides a lustrous background for the vocal sparkle of Price, Zylis-Gara, and Burrows in the Mask Trio. When such a relatively brief but dazzling episode arouses the audience response it deserves, the star of Mozart is high in the evening sky.

This is not to say that the Met's general manager, Schuyler Chapin, can sit back on a cushion of self-esteem, under the illusion that another masterpiece has been wholly accounted for. Act 1, which may be the longest sustained flight of musical fantasy in operatic history, was dead on target from the propulsive overture to the ball in the Don's castle an hour later. But Act 2, which is not so consistently director-proof, stumbled from time to time for lack of positive intent in the action supervised by Patrick Tavernia.

Librettist Lorenzo da Ponte left a series of hazards and obstacles along the way to the Don's confrontation with the statue that provides an unexpected answer to the question, Guess who's coming to dinner? Tavernia did not sidestep any of them: Indeed, whether the problem was the impersonation of Don Giovanni by Leporello or the masquerade of the servant by the master, each was stumbled over, kicked around for laughs, and left for deadweight in this staging. Given the option between fake comedy and dramatic truth, platitudinous sentiment and affecting emotion, Tavernia's instinct led him unfailingly to the wrong choice. The conclusion would have to be that he didn't believe that the Mozart who wrote Act 1 also wrote Act 2.

Fortunately, this was not an attitude shared either by the singers or conductor Levine. Miss Price doesn't command the flexibility to make her performance of *Non mi dir,* late in Act 2, as memorable a moment as her vengeful "Honor" aria in Act 1, but the effort expended on one emanated from the same sense of serious purpose as the other. In the ensembles, the shining sound she produced was a

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guiding star to which Burrows's finely controlled tenor, Zylis-Gara's rich middle register, and Milnes's complementary lower compass were always reliably related. To my taste, Berry's Leporello was a more vulgar servant than Milnes's Don would have tolerated (Sir Geraint Evans made a proper gentleman's gentleman of him long before he was personally knighted), and the Masetto impersonated by Raymond Michalski did not deserve a Zerlina of Stratas's charm. Withal, it has been rare in recent times to recommend a revival of Don Giovanni in which vocal resource, physical favor, and musicianship have been so evenly distributed.

"People pay to hear Beverly Sills perform vocal miracles, and she responds to their expectations with an almost intemperate generosity."

A recent reference to Julius Rudel's success in evolving a style suitable for the restoration of so static an operatic "classic" as Cherubini's *Medea* may now be extended to include the New York City Opera's venture with Bellini's *I Puritani*, in which Beverly Sills is Elvira. The production was launched last fall in Los Angeles and thus comes east with a degree of polish not commonly attained by rehearsal alone. In the lighter *leggiero* music of Elvira, Miss Sills is even happier than she was in the excellent embodiments of Donizetti's Tudor trio —Anna Bolena, Maria Stuarda, and Elizabeth—which have given new luster to recent evenings on the south side of the Lincoln Center Plaza.

Her degree of mastery was sometimes penalizing to the more ordinary aptitudes of Enrico di Giuseppe (Talbot), Robert Hale (Walton), and Richard Fredericks (Forth), but this did not deter Rudel from persisting with the steadily productive practice he has evolved for dealing with such works. That consists, simply, in honoring the great music they contain; of indulging, so far as honest effort can, every generation's love for fine singing; and of suppressing, insofar as possible, the absurdities that sufficed for subject matter when the greatest of Italian melodists were pouring out operas spring, summer, fall, and winter, and posterity was something that only Germans worried about.

This generation's love for fine singing is also being fed by Miss Sills as a recitalist, a phase of human endeavor in which her popularity was both tested and attested to at a recent matinee in Fisher Hall. Empty seats were as scarce as in a subway car during rush hour, and applause ranged from ecstatic to hysterical. Neither means that the results Miss Sills achieved were as artistic as they were popular.

LACKING THE IDENTITY provided by the story line of an opera, every recitalist must invent a character of his or her own. Miss Sills's character, plainly, is that of Much-Admired Prima Donna. People pay to hear her perform vocal miracles, and she responds to their expectations with an almost intemperate generosity. Hardly an item in the printed program, which began with Handel and ended with Rossini—with some time-defying excursions along the way to Rachmaninoff before Mozart, and Bellini after Saint-Saëns—was lacking in a trill, a roulade, or some other clang of the vocal cash register to remind the listeners they were getting what they had paid to hear. Her French group, with its seldom-heard *Si tu le veux* of Koechlin and Saint-Saëns's *Le Bonheur est chose légère*, embodied the most consistently beautiful singing Miss Sills offered, but here, too, there was something overtly exhibitionistic in each, as if sincerity, directness, and sheer emotional impact would be insufficient.

In a way, this represents shrewd self-analysis, for the Sills voice, as of today, is a vocal patchwork, with glints of strength, spots of weakness, and carefully cultivated bridge tones to conceal years of use. Over all, however, is a lacquer of flexibility, fluency, and assurance, which gives the illusion of a vocal glow even when it is only dimly present. Her accompanist was Charles Wadsworth. □

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 48

M(ICHAEL) HOLROYD:
UNRECEIVED OPINIONS

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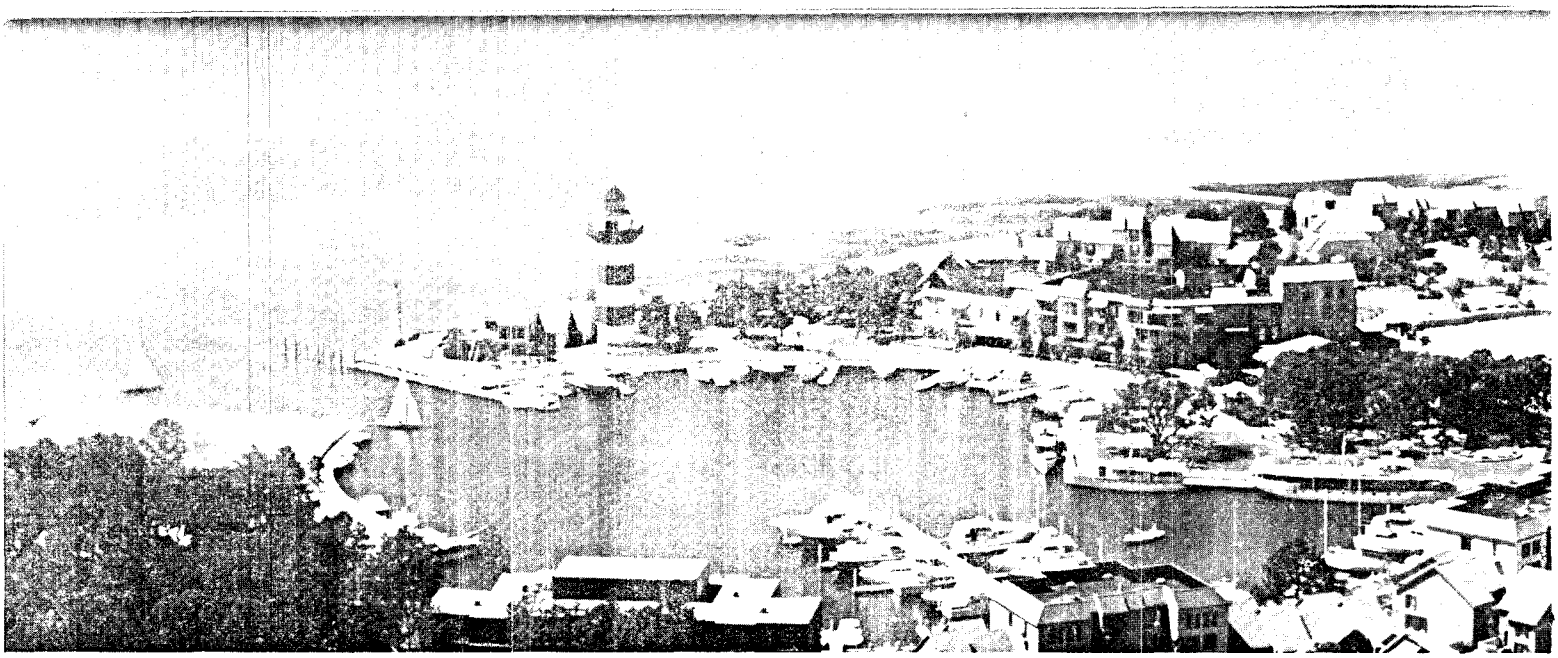

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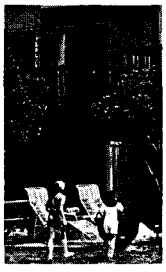

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Sojourns on a Shoestring

by Dena Kaye

The rise in the cost of living—an estimated 10 percent in the last year—has given the jitters to those who purvey places and transport. It has also given pause to those about to go on holiday. This is a second collection of ideas for moderately priced trips. The first appeared in *SR/W* March 23, 1974.

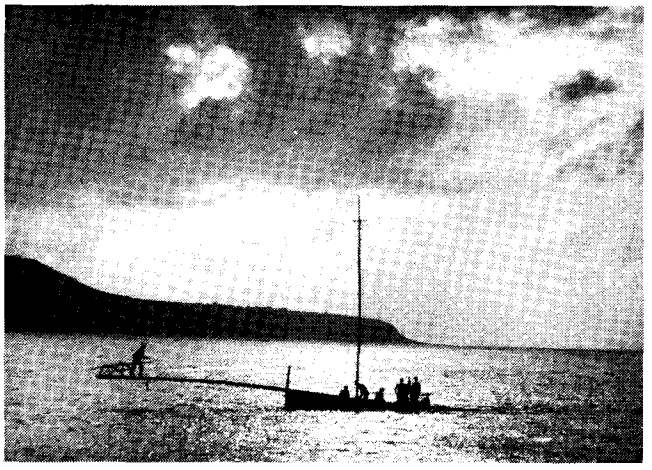
Beachcomb on Isla del Carmen, Mexico—port and shrimp center sits off the northern tip of the Yucatán peninsula. Town shaded in coconut palms, houses strewn with shrimp nets. Best beaches: Bajamita, El Playon. Lino's Motel in town set in tropical gardens, $8 single. Jet Hotel on beach $5.60, good seafood restaurant on premises. Daily flights from Mexico City on Mexicana de Aviacion to Ciudad del Carmen.

Keep House in a Houseboat in the Thousand Islands—tour 1700 islands in the St. Lawrence River, Ontario, docking at St. Lawrence National Park or Heart Island to see model of Rhine-country château. Fish, skin-dive, swim. Explorer Houseboat Rentals in Brockville, Ontario, rents thirty-six-foot houseboat for $345 per week, six people. No boating experience needed. Food, linens, not supplied. Highway 81 from New York, over Thousand Islands Bridge to Thousand Islands Parkway, then to Rockport, Ontario, to pick up boat and supplies.

Live Creole-Style in Guadeloupe—over one hundred restaurants serve Creole cuisine on this French West Indies island. Look for restaurants with ladies' names: Chez Odette, Chez Rosette, Chez Violetta. Lunch or dinner choices include *pâté en pot* (thick soup), *blaff* (poached fresh fish with herbs). Costs from five to eight dollars, including *le punch* (local aperitif), table wine, tips, taxes. Alternative: breakfast, dinner, and lodging at Auberge du Grand Large on the beach in St. Anne for twelve to sixteen dollars per person. Or feast for free, for five hours, at the Fête des Cuisinières on August 10 in Pointe-à-Pitre.

Be Stately in Britain—Open-to-View ticket costs $5.50, permits free entry to castles, stately homes, and historic sites; Countdown Card costs $4.00, gives savings of 20 percent on memberships to nightclubs, meals, theater, clothes, car rentals, dry cleaning, hotels; Status Card at $15.00, saves up to 50 percent on meals at twenty-five restaurants and 20 percent in more than four hundred shops. Honorary membership in fifteen clubs, discount admission at Sadlers Wells Opera, Penthouse Club, discothèques, riding stables.

Alight on the Aeolian Islands, Italy—a series of islands planted off the northeast tip of Sicily, all connected by hydrofoil: Vulcano, smallest of main islands, has grottoes and a crater 1200 feet above sea level. Over ten hotels; prices from ten dollars per person, with meals. Lipari has black-sand beaches, ancient fourth-century-B.C. coins, city with a cathedral whose foundations are Norman, sixteenth-century Spanish fortress, good shopping. Most hotels (over fourteen) have private beach, air conditioning, TV. Room with bath and full board from fourteen dollars. Stromboli has black- and white-sand beaches. Famous for an Ingrid Bergman film. Overnight steamer from Naples to islands under twenty dollars round trip. Hour - and - a - half hydrofoil ride from Messina. About eight dollars round trip.



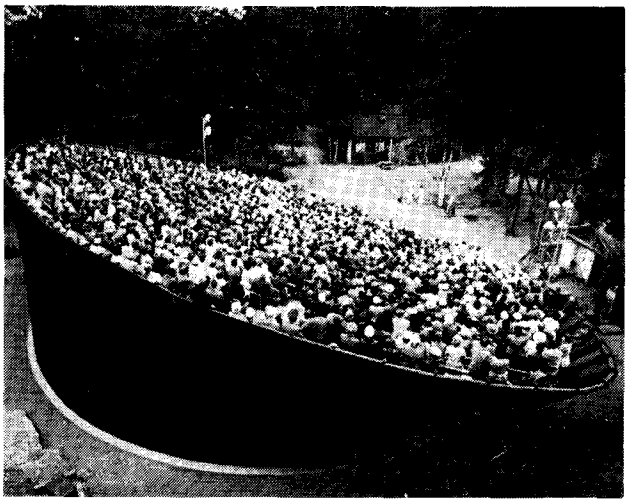
Aeolian Islands—Black-sand beaches and grottoes.

Ferry to Fish Restaurants in Lisbon, Portugal—red-and-white ferries cross the Tagus River, for eight cents per person, to seafood restaurants on the opposite bank. Grilled sardines, octopus, and lobster. Dinner with table wine about five dollars, but lobsters are no bargain. By day, the view is Lisbon's pastel-colored buildings; by night, the illuminated monuments.

Take a Walk in Norway—hike Norway's vast mountain network separating the fjords from the inland valleys, passing glaciers, waterfalls, still lakes, valleys. Tourist lodges, set about a day's walk apart (routes are marked for "leisurely" or "vigorous" pace), offer lodging and meals (including lunch for the trail) for fourteen dollars. Conducted walking tours arranged by Norwegian Touring Club in Oslo. Also available: maps showing lodges and distances in between.

Spend the Weekend in Stockholm, Sweden—four days and three nights in choice of hotels (for thirty-two dollars, twin without bath) includes breakfast, discounts for sight-seeing tours, and admission to various monuments and museums. Free concerts in many parks.

Fly to the Finnish Festivals—Finnair offers a ninety-nine-dollar Holiday Ticket for unlimited domestic flights taken within fifteen consecutive days. Nine major festivals all over Finland from June



Tampere Theater—Finland offers nine summer festivals.

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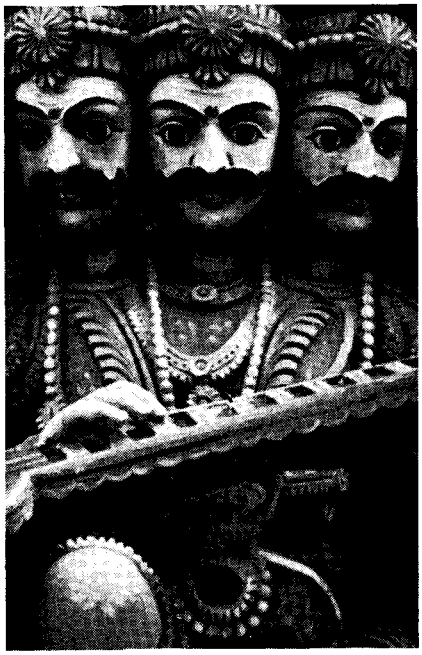

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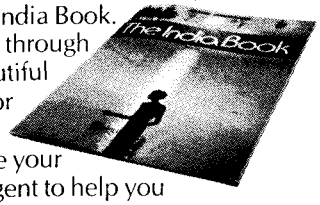

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WIT TWISTER NO. 21
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 52.

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news until he culls
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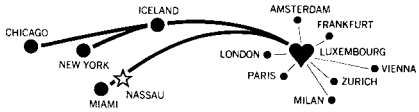

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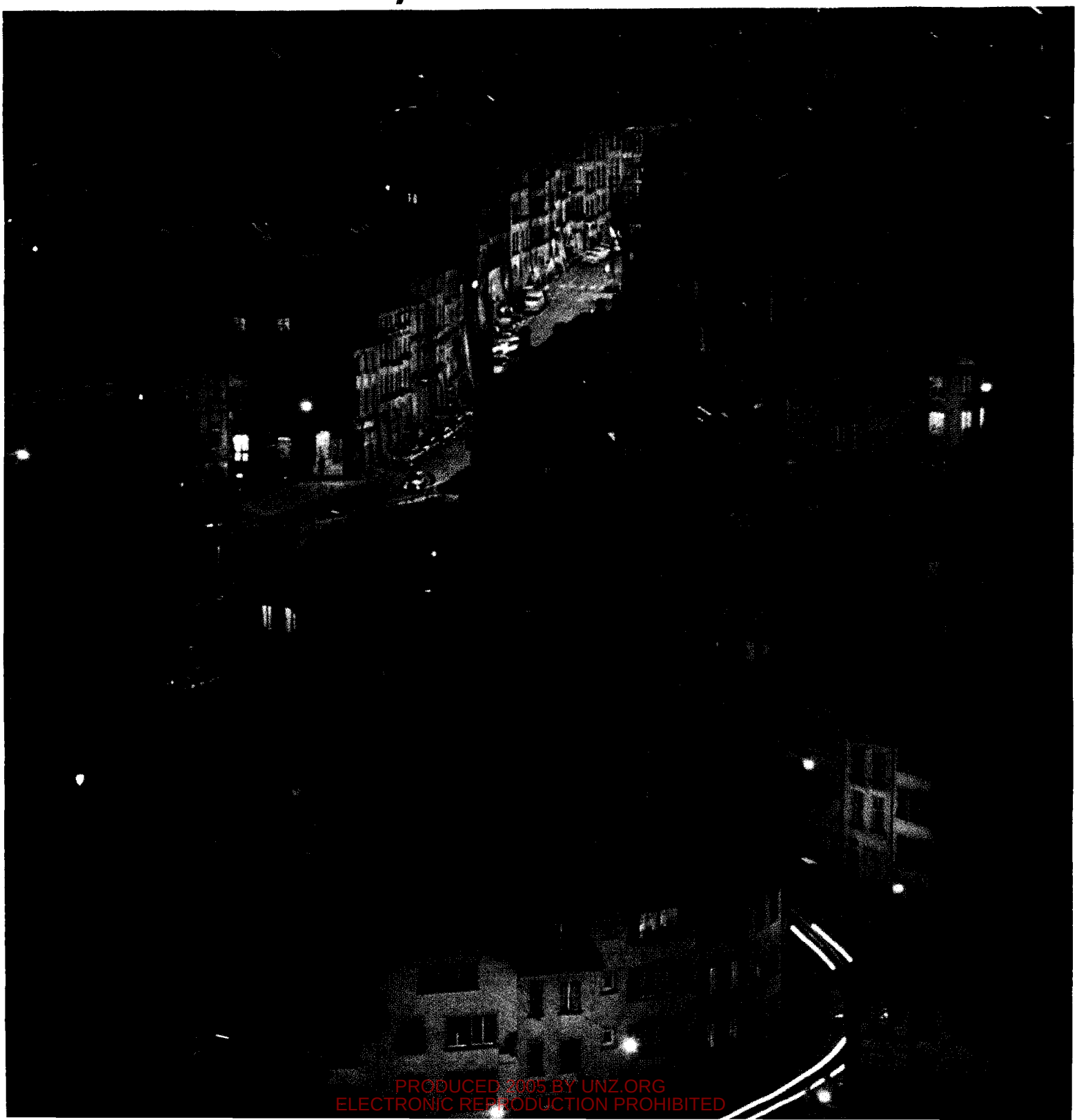

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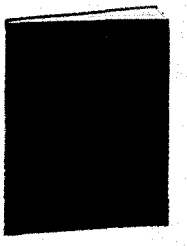

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The "Behavior Mod" Squad

The scientific technique called behavior modification has lately fallen into disfavor—and deserves to. Not that it has ever been deemed particularly reprehensible to modify behavior. What else is the time-honored purpose of all persuasion and all education? We constantly seek to induce others to behave as they "ought" or as we would wish them to. And we accept that others freely and routinely do the same to us.

But scientists like to deal with circumstances they can control—at least in part. If you put Mr. X in a situation and have him do *this* and say *that*, how does Mr. Y react? Scientists did not, of course, invent this kind of tampering. Shakespeare's plots, for instance, are full of such artifice. We see behavior modification in our daily lives. But customarily it is done through individual whim and caprice, and the capacity for mischief is thus limited and erratic. Science, on the other hand, proceeds in a calculated, systematic manner, measuring and monitoring all the way—and generally does so, these days, with public funds.

As one example, a recent U.S. Navy program was designed to train better qualified race-relations officers. Civilians from a number of navy bases were put through "creative racial confrontation," where they were deliberately provoked to anger and their deepest racial emotions were stirred. The program was canceled before its completion because some of the participants protested.

In medicine, human experimentation requires informed consent. One problem in behavioral experiments is that if the subject is informed, then he will not react spontaneously—and the experiment will be ruined. Take Stanley Milgram's morbidly fascinating experiments at Yale, described in his recent book, *Obedience to Authority*. Milgram's subjects *were* informed that they were participating in a scientific experiment—but they didn't know that they were the *subjects*. He wanted to see how willing ordinary people would be to administer electric shocks to make-believe subjects—actually actors pretending to be involved in a complex learning exercise. He found that an appalling number of people were all too willing to keep administering what they believed to be severe shocks, even when warned that the "subject" had heart trouble—as long as the scientist gave the command and took the responsibility. Only later did the shockers become the shocked on learning that they were the unwitting subjects of the investigation. Many question the ethics of such experiments, regardless of how revealing they may be.

People really worry about "behavior mod," as it is familiarly known, when human subjects are treated as if they were experimental animals, to be manipulated and monitored in detail, even made acutely uncomfortable and exposed to physical and psychological cruelties, in order to "improve" their behavior. (B. F. Skinner would never treat his pigeons that way.) This has been carried forward most excessively among convicts.

It was only last year, on reading several blisteringly critical chapters in Jessica Mitford's *Kind and Usual Punishment*, that I became aware of the extent to which behavior mod was practiced in the prisons—and the details of *how* it was practiced. Her descriptions made it clear that what Anthony Burgess and Stanley Kubrick intended as futuristic satire in the film *A Clockwork Orange* had already become sober (and sobering) current reality in the American prison system.

Bodily deprivations of all sorts went along with a total assault on the psyche. Communist brainwashing techniques were deliberately employed, with the rationalization that this time it was in a good cause: to replace the criminal mentality with a more amenable personality. To this end, some felt free to use electroshock, psychosurgery, and aversion therapy. Among the drugs considered employable were *cyproterone acetate*, the so-called castration drug; *apomorphine*, which causes violent vomiting for fifteen minutes at a stretch; *anectine*, a derivative of curare, which can cause the subject to lose all muscular control and even briefly to stop breathing; *prolixin*, a powerful tranquilizer, with serious and sometimes irreversible side effects. The treatments often only made angry men a whole lot angrier.

These are the more flagrant abuses, of course. And it may be that prison officials, seeing a new way of managing their troublesome cases, took more advantage of the opportunity than the scientists originally had intended. But such experiments *were* carried out—and by respected scientists, often under university auspices and government grants. And, let's face it, with our tacit approval—for don't we really believe that when a "criminal" vanishes behind those walls, he loses his human rights? Fortunately, a lot of hell has been raised about all this over the past many months.

As a result of the unfavorable publicity, the more objectionable programs have been canceled. From now on, it appears that informed consent by volunteers only will be a requirement for all behavioral experiments. But this, too, needs careful monitoring. For one still-planned project, an official mentioned that he would seek volunteers among those coming up soon for parole. It might be hard to refuse to volunteer under those circumstances. All this has nothing to do with "coddling criminals," but rather with saving our own humanity.

BEHAVIOR MOD has its more benevolent aspects and has been used in gentler ways, with more or less success (and usually with some controversy), in industry and in the school system. Now and then it can even provide us with a good laugh. Take the story—told in a recent issue of *Psychology Today*—of the junior high school in Visalia, California, where all the teachers were complimenting one special teacher on the marvelous job he had done in improving the behavior and scholarship of their most difficult "problem children." But what that special teacher finally confessed he had been doing was teaching the kids to use behavior-mod techniques on their *teachers*. (For instance, they used compliments as positive reinforcement, just as Professor Skinner might have advised.) As a result, they got a better quality of teaching and all-around treatment.

On the other hand, no one got the prior informed consent of the subjects. What are the ethics of *that*? Maybe the story isn't as hilarious as I first thought.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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How Goes the "War on Cancer"?

by Edward Edelson

St. Augustine, Florida

It started out as the Conquest of Cancer Program; it is still occasionally called the War on Cancer; it was passed into law as the National Cancer Act of 1971, under which the National Cancer Institute's annual budget has risen at a $100-million-a-year clip to the present level of $500 million.

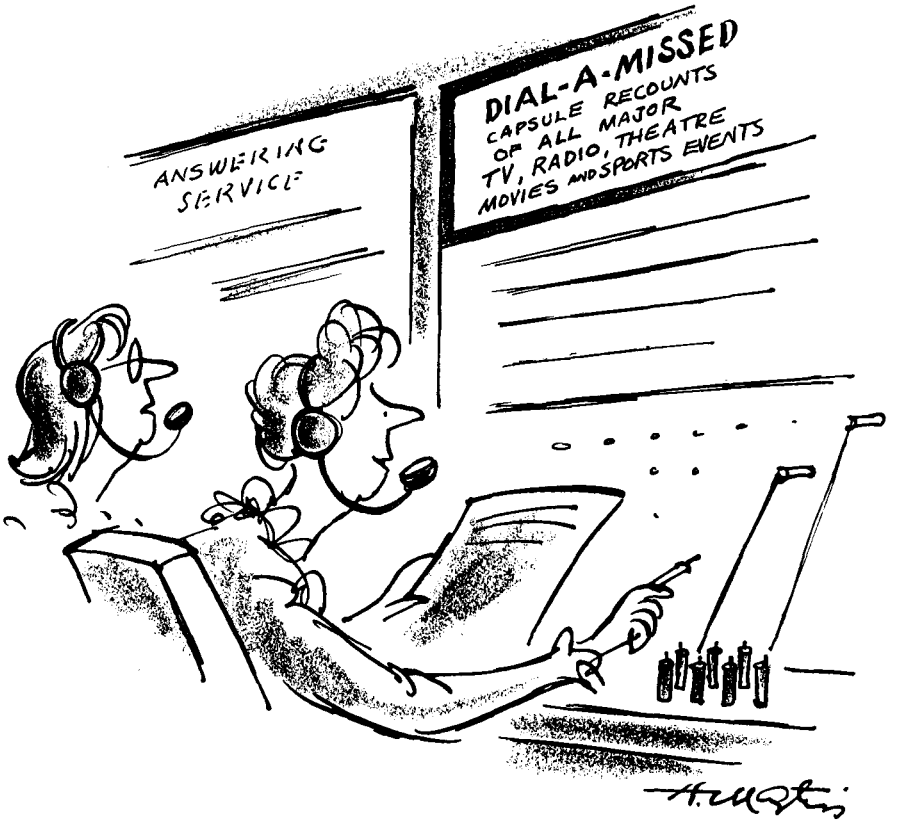
Half a billion dollars a year. What are we getting for our money?

Not the Big Breakthrough, the magic discovery that would solve the cancer problem at a stroke for everyone and for all time. There is always wistful talk, especially among the untutored, of turning up that Cure for Cancer, but the experts who live with the disease put it in the same fabled category as the fountain of youth. They are not much closer to resolving the debates that raged a decade, two decades ago: Is cancer one disease or many? What human cancers are caused by viruses? What is the best way of treating breast cancer? What happens on the molecular level to transform a well-controlled cell into the uninhibited growth called cancer?

True, the debate is on a much more *complex* level than it was one or two decades ago, but the basic questions remain unanswered. What, then, are we getting for our money?

To start with, a few lives. Every year, at the start of its fund drive (just about now, in fact), the American Cancer Society cites the same figures: One of five cancer patients was saved in 1940; one of three is saved today. It could be one of two if we made the best use of existing methods of detection and treatment. A proud accomplishment of the War on Cancer is that it really has pushed the survival figure close to that 50 percent mark at a few places.

Edward Edelson is the science editor of the New York Daily News.



"Good morning, Mrs. Aiken. This is Dial-a-Missed. Here's your rundown on last night's 'All in the Family.' As the show opened, Edith attempts to tell a joke, and Archie says, 'Stifle it, Dingbat. . . .'"

One of them is the University of Alabama Cancer Research and Training Center in Birmingham. According to the center's director, Dr. John R. Durant, the latest five-year survival figure for cancer patients there has reached 45 percent. And the Birmingham facility is just one of nine cancer centers that the National Cancer Act is bringing into existence. They are comprehensive centers, equipped to treat a variety of cancers. Eventually, there will be thirty-five—one within commuting distance of four out of five Americans. Another forty specialized centers are equipped for the specialized needs of one form of cancer or another. Here they perform miracles; that is, they keep patients alive who once would have died.

Some of these miracles have become journalistic commonplaces. Almost everyone has heard of the changed outlook for acute lymphocytic leukemia of childhood. This diagnosis was once a sure sentence of quick death. Today, thanks to the drug therapy pioneered by the late Dr. Sidney Farber and extended by many other hands, the five-year survival rate is 50 percent; many patients are alive and free of the disease ten or twelve years later, and only a lingering caution keeps physicians from using the word *cure*. No easy formula has produced these results. Keeping patients alive means giving carefully tailored doses of powerful drugs in precise timing and sequence, with help from such things as blood-platelet injections for fighting infection.

The same story is now starting to be told about such conditions as osteogenic sarcoma, the bone tumor that strikes the young. The old recipe: First amputate the limb where the cancer is detected. Then wait for the growth of the microscopic metastases (the colonies that are bound to have reached the lung). They will grow, relentlessly, until two of three patients are dead after two years.

Now it can be different—but only for a handful of patients at a few medical centers.

At the Children's Cancer Research Foundation in Boston—Sidney Farber's home—Dr. Emil Frei III and his coworkers are giving children with osteosarcoma a unique treatment: first a massive dose of a cancer-fighting drug called methotrexate and then doses of a drug called citrovorum factor, which, for reasons not completely understood, protects normal cells while allowing the methotrexate to kill the cancer cells. Of the

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seventeen bone-cancer patients treated by Dr. Frei over the past twenty-one months, only one has developed the expected lung colonies of cancer. (Edward M. Kennedy, Jr., is one of those getting the treatment.)

At the University of California, San Francisco, Dr. Hugh H. Fudenberg and his group are treating osteogenic sarcoma with transfer factor, a chemical extracted from white blood cells that somehow increases the body's ability to fight the cancer. Again, the survival time in a few patients is longer than might have been expected.

Dr. Frei is understandably enthusiastic about the methotrexate-citrovorum therapy—as is Dr. Isaac Djerassi of the Mercy Catholic Medical Center, Darby, Pennsylvania, who pioneered this form of therapy in several types of cancer. They are enthusiastic because it promises to solve one of the major dilemmas of cancer chemotherapy: Cancer drugs work because they kill cancer cells—but their use is limited because they kill normal cells as well. Maybe there are compounds like citrovorum that could prevent damage of normal cells by anti-cancer drugs; if so, cancer chemotherapy will take a giant step forward.

As it is, chemotherapy certainly isn't lagging. Success with leukemia established an important principle: If one anti-cancer drug is effective, two or more are even better, because each drug attacks cancer cells at a different weak spot. So trials of what is called "combination chemotherapy"—perhaps four drugs at a time—are beginning, not only for such relatively rare malignancies as osteogenic sarcoma but also for the major killers, such as breast cancer.

Don't expect quick results here. An ethical principle is involved: No patient should get less than the most effective treatment known; any experimental therapy—such as combination drug treatment—comes as an addition, and it must prove its worth in hard five-year survival figures. To reach the 50 percent survival rate, physicians in leukemia treatment centers worked their way up hand over hand, adding improvement after improvement as they learned their trade. Other physicians using combination chemotherapy are now at the bottom of the same steep climb.

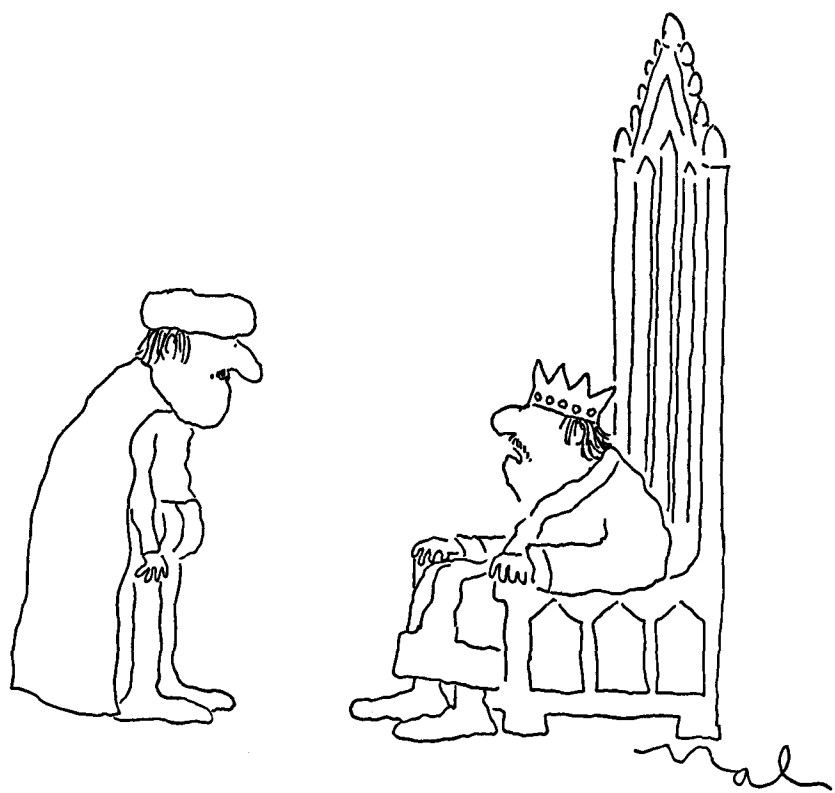
It is one of the pleasant ironies of the field that two decades of steady progress have made chemotherapy both established and unglamorous. The luster these days is on a relatively new method of attacking cancer—immunotherapy, the effort to help the body fight off cancer as it fights off bacteria or viruses.

There are many more unknowns in immunotherapy than in chemotherapy. It is known that invasions by bacteria and viruses are fought mostly by free-floating molecules called antibodies. It is believed that cancerous growths are fought mostly by cells—lymphocytes and macrophages. One theory holds that cancer occurs when these cells somehow fail to do their job—that normally they kill the one cancer cell as soon as it turns cancerous, but that something seems to catch them off guard and allows the cancer to grow. According to an opposing theory, it is not the immune system's weakness, but the cancer's strength, that makes the difference—that chemicals called antigens, shed by the tumor, overwhelm the defenses. Both these things may happen, in different degrees, at the same time.

Transfer factor is thought to act by gingering up the immune system in general—or perhaps by carrying a specific message for the immune cells to attack a specific cancer. A compound called immune RNA helps fight cancer either generally or specifically. And there is the Bacillus of Calmette and Guerin, named after the two Frenchmen who developed it as a tuberculosis vaccine. Some time ago it was noticed that people who got BCG shots seemed to show a lower than expected incidence of cancer; now BCG is used in cancer immunotherapy. At Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, BCG has been injected into lesions of melanoma, a fast-growing skin cancer. Some of those lesions shrivel—but growths right next to them remain untouched, and the patient suffers from fever and other side effects.

Dr. Ray Powles of England has given BCG (and chemotherapy) to adults with leukemia and has noted longer survival times than for patients receiving chemotherapy alone. Powles is cautious, however. He says that "immunotherapy for acute leukemia in adults is a reality, but it is certainly not the complete answer." At the moment, that seems to be true for all cancers and all forms of immunotherapy. The procedure: First remove the primary cancer, usually by surgery. Then give your radiation and chemotherapy treatments. Then, finally, use immunotherapy to help mop up the remnants of the cancer.

BUT PHYSICIANS are quick to tell you that no disease has ever been treated out of existence. Prevention is the main idea. To prevent a disease, however, you



"Certainly I'm depressed. We're the only country in the whole world that hasn't been called on by Kissinger."

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usually have to know its cause, and that is far from the case with cancer.

Some advice seems obvious. Stop cigarette smoking, and you can prevent perhaps 75 percent of the 75,000 lung-cancer deaths that occur annually. But most cancer causes are not at all obvious, and most of the old debates remain. There is a market in cancer causes that rises and falls. A few years ago, buying was heavy in the virus field, with many researchers pointing at viruses as the cause of human cancers. In a two-year period, more than a half-dozen viruses were proclaimed as the first human-cancer virus. For one reason or another, all have fallen out of the race. And the virus market is now depressed.

But not completely. Dr. Albert B. Sabin of polio-vaccine fame has found footprints of a virus called herpes simplex in fourteen different human cancers, and he believes this virus causes one case of cancer in four. Dr. Sol Spiegelman of Columbia University, one of the world's great virologists, has found evidence of a different virus in breast cancers, and he believes that proof will inevitably be found.

There are fashions in cancer causes as well as in cancer cures, and man-made cancer seems to be in style. At the American Cancer Society Science Writers' Seminar in St. Augustine, Florida, in March, Dr. Ernst Wynder of the American Health Foundation in New York announced that the American diet, rich in saturated fats and cholesterol, is a primary cause of cancer of the colon (48,000 deaths in the United States this year) and perhaps of cancer of the breast, the prostate, the pancreas, and other organs. "Malnutrition of the affluent," Wynder called it, pointing out that meat-rich diets changed the chemical composition of the body in general and the gut in particular, and that fish-eating Japanese have little colon cancer. (Their disease is cancer of the stomach.)

Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond of the American Cancer Society and Dr. Irving Selikoff of Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York cited the World Health Organization's estimate that perhaps 85 percent of all cancers have an environmental cause, and they believe that many of those causes are man-made. Fresh from investigating a dozen cases of a rare liver cancer that occurred in workers exposed to vinyl chloride, Hammond and Selikoff expressed worries about the fact that anyone can use a new chemical without bothering about its future cancer-causing effects. Pre-screening of new chemicals is needed now, they said. Otherwise, it may take decades for the dangers of a new chemical to show up. "Prevention of cancer in the year 2000 is the order of the day in 1974," they told the seminar.

So, as always, the cancer picture is a curious balance of hope and fear: the hope of saving more cancer victims, the fear of creating cancer by our own acts. What we are getting for our money so far is not an ultimate answer—that seems as far away as ever—but some half-solutions and a lot of new clues to add to the already bewildering mountain of evidence about the Big C.

And there is always the outside chance that someday—perhaps soon—the clues will fit together and the Big Breakthrough will emerge after all. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 46): sift, fits, fist.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 30): The reason so few good books are written is that so few people who can write know anything.

Walter Bagehot

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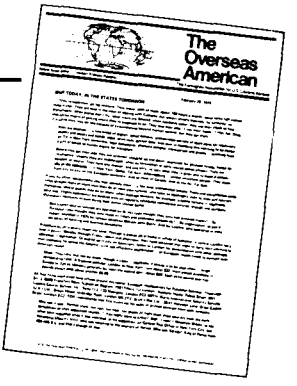

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The Nutrition Dilemma

To combat the diet-based illnesses of our sugar-bowl society, Americans are urged to make the quantum jump from junk, snack, and pop foods to meals of proven nutritional value.

by Clara Pierre

The United States, according to some estimates, pays a health bill of $30 billion annually for illnesses related to faulty nutrition. "Junk" foods account for more than 35 percent of a typical American family's food budget. Sugar consumption has risen close to an annual 120 pounds per person. Food additives are proliferating on the grocer's shelves. Cholesterol-rich diets, perhaps in combination with other factors, are taking an ever larger toll of men in their prime years. Nutritional deficiencies are not confined to the poor; they are rampant among the privileged and affluent, and particularly the young in this group—though the young have lately been in the avant-garde of the health-food movement.

Millions of children have no difficulty finding money to spend at soda-and-candy counters. They grow up with a built-in sweet tooth, a vice further encouraged by the estimated five thousand commercials a year the American youngster watches during childhood. Many teen-age girls ruin their health with one fad diet after another. A decade ago the soft-drink-and-pizza mania was considered a stage in growing up, along with pimples and acne. Today junk, snack, and pop food—high in calories, high in fats and sugars, low in nutrition—bulks large in the daily diet of Americans from cradle to grave.

Overeating continues as a national habit. Vending machines supplement school lunches—when they don't replace them altogether. Raids on the coffee cart and the newsstand candy display mitigate the boredom of downtown office jobs. A further toll is taken by hot-dog and hamburger stands, drive-in ice-cream and frozen-custard shops, and ready-to-eat fried chicken and packaged TV dinners.

When Americans aren't overeating, they commit other kinds of nutritional sins by crash-dieting or otherwise depriving their bodies of nourishment. Millions of people dash off to work on the strength of a cup of coffee. They have a quick and generally inadequate meal at noontime, all the while building up their appetites for interim snacks or a large evening dinner—at which time the energy supplied by calories is least needed.

The result? An unbelievable roster of diet-linked illnesses: heart disease; diabetes and hyperinsulinism; obesity and its potential attendant dysfunctions of kidney, liver, and gallbladder; anemia, widespread among adolescent girls; dental decay; hypoglycemia; even retardation. Arthritis is on the suspected list, and so are certain kinds of mental illness—though these are matters of great controversy.

HEART DISEASE is still the major cause of death in the United States. Although evidence that a too-fatty diet can cause atherosclerosis is not totally conclusive, it is strong enough to prompt the following advice from Dr. Jean Mayer of Harvard's School of Public Health: Adult males, he says, *must* adopt more prudent eating habits, cutting down on total calories, on fats (saturated fat in particular), and on dietary cholesterol. Until they do, the explosive development of death from heart failure, which has for a generation kept life expectancy from rising, will continue at its present alarming rate.

Sugar and refined carbohydrates are a major factor in other serious ailments. Consider sugar intake alone. The very lowest estimate of our national average per person per year is now a minimum of 101.6 pounds. Some estimates put it closer to 120 pounds.

We consume sugar at the rate of about two pounds per week, or one-and-one-third teaspoons every thirty-five minutes, twenty-four hours a day. The average American man downs a total of about 2800 calories a day. Every pound of sugar has just under 1800 nutrient-free calories. In terms of sugar intake on a weekly basis, the average American eats nothing but sugar every fourth day.

What price do we pay for living in a sugar-sweet society? For one thing, 98 percent of our population is afflicted with dental decay. Our yearly toll in dental bills is close to five billion dollars. About twenty million adults have lost more than half their teeth. There are five million potential diabetics and nearly as many for whom the disease has already been diagnosed. Obesity and general overweight have been major national health problems for years. Thirty percent of the population is too fat. The connection between overweight and heart disease, and the strain obesity imposes on other body organs, is well known. Yet useless pills, powders, exercising schemes and devices, diet books, clinics, spas, belts, saunas, salons, and creams are the stuff of a multi-billion-dollar-a-year diet industry.

Hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) is a disease that has only recently become known to the public. Sugar plays a highly suspicious role in this illness. The late Dr. E. M. Abrahamson wrote extensively—and controversially—on hypoglycemia, expressing his conviction that it has clearly discernible effects on behavior, for example, depression, character change, anxiety, phobia, a craving for sweets, and attacks of tachycardia, or too-rapid heartbeat. When low blood sugar was recognized as a disease in the Twenties, patients were fed sugar, on the theory that their bodies must need extra amounts of it. However, it has been evident for quite a while that sugar, though it would seem to be a logical cure, is exactly the wrong thing to administer. What the hypoglycemic patient lacks is *blood* sugar, which is not at all the white stuff in the sugar bowl on your dining table. As Abrahamson explained it, blood sugar is manufactured by the body from its daily intake of food—mainly from the proteins in one's diet. *Sugar-bowl* sugar, by contrast, is converted into a bloodstream substance that destroys blood sugar. A sugar-heavy diet therefore tends to cause and prolong hypoglycemia. The best long-term regulator of the condition, in Abrahamson's view, is protein.

Not until fairly recently has it become

Clara Pierre has published articles on many subjects. She is now writing a book on the psychology of fashion.

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"Do we really need the billion pounds of stabilizers, thickeners, bleaches, artificial colors, and other chemical additions to what we eat each year?"

clear that sugar can—in a very few people, to be sure—cause hallucinations and symptoms of schizophrenia. Dr. Herbert L. Newbold of Lenox Hill Hospital in New York City has begun treating extreme sugar intolerance with extensive testing and strict diet. He believes, as does Dr. Abrahamson, that table sugar is without doubt the culprit in hypoglycemia. While many in the medical and nutrition establishment scoff at these specific theories, most do agree that refined sugar is an enemy of health, especially in the large quantities we have grown accustomed to consuming.

Almost more alarming than the quantity of sugar consumed in this country is *how* it is consumed: It has become practically impossible for a consumer to get past a supermarket checkout counter without having bought sugar in myriad guises. Prepared meats, salamis, sausages, cereals, catsup, canned and frozen vegetables, salad dressings, and frozen fruits are more than likely to contain sugar. During a four-year period in the Sixties, the amount of sugar added to processed foods went up 50 percent. Ice cream, candy, cake, syrup, soda pop, and snack foods are no longer the only offenders: The white crystals seem to be everywhere. This is harmful for diabetics and for the obese, who may be eating sugar unknowingly, and it is infuriating for the consumer who likes to feel some control over what he buys.

Sugar as a refined carbohydrate has been important in our diet for less than a hundred years. In 1750 the average Englishman ate not more than four pounds a year, because sugar was still a luxury. By 1840 consumption had risen to twenty pounds. In 1909, when the U.S. Department of Agriculture began to keep such records, sugar intake was unspectacular. Since 1909 it has risen more than 40 percent.

Other potential hazards are posed by chemical additives. Do we really need the billion pounds of shelf-life agents, stabilizers, thickeners, bleaches, artificial colors, and other chemical additions to what we eat each year? The bread industry alone uses more than sixteen million pounds of chemicals yearly. These include leavening agents, phosphates to make dough rise, calcium propionate ("to retard spoilage," in the all-too-familiar phrase), dough conditioners, such as calcium stearyl-2-lactylate, and emulsifiers, which keep starch from crystallizing or going stale. (Some bread manufacturers would have us believe that the test of "fresh" bread is that it can be squeezed like a sponge.) Even bananas and tomatoes are being ripened with ethylene gas. Sodium nitrate, used in hot dogs, hams, fish, bacon, and a long list of other products, was recently declared a cancer threat by Dr. Michael Jacobson of the Center for Science in the Public Interest.

However, Dr. Mayer believes that the preservatives and anti-oxidants that some nutritionists get most excited about are the least harmful. By preventing rancidity, they undoubtedly add to the bacteriological safety of food, he says. But he is far more dubious about chemicals in the food-coloring category, feeling that dyes pose the greatest risk. "In general," Dr. Mayer said, "it is certainly not to the public's advantage to have an infinite multiplication of additives. The more you have, the greater the odds for danger."

FIFTY-FIVE PERCENT of the food that Americans buy is processed. Thirty-five percent of the cost of that food to the consumer goes to pay for convenience features: ready-to-eat cereal, TV dinners, soup mixes, instant preparations of all sorts. Ironically, costs are added to products for the *removal of nutrients,* which are then only partially put back so that the product may be called "enriched" or "fortified." The coffee processors work a neat switch on this theme: The caffeine that they extract from their "caffeine-free" coffee is sold to the cola makers, whose product is gulped down thirstily by millions of children and their parents.

It is not surprising, then, that large numbers of annoyed consumers have taken to patronizing the health-food stores, hoping to lessen the hazards resulting from big-scale farmers, food processors, and bottlers.

Indeed, there has been a ground swell of awareness concerning the commercial high jinks of some of our large food industries. The public at large was shocked by the great cereal exposé of 1970, in which Robert Choate revealed the nutritional poverty of American breakfast treats despite the megavitamin claims made on their labels. This and other Nader-like episodes culminated in the more recent hot-dog controversy, which led former Commissioner Bess Myerson of New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs to exclaim that she could not face another frankfurter as long as she lived. Clearly, this country appears to be in a sort of prolonged state of nutritional emergency. But where to turn for advice? Most physicians, traditional "custodians" of health, are used to treating the effects of diseases, not the causes, and their inadequate training in nutrition makes them poor risks as authorities.

They are the first to admit that this is so. Very few indeed believe that nutrition education in U.S. medical schools is at all what it ought to be. The 1969 White House Conference on Food, Nutrition, and Health was told that the teaching of food sciences which doctors receive is "most inadequate, . . . in some medical schools almost non-existent." This is all the more serious because in recent years it has become both desirable and necessary for physicians to practice preventive medicine, especially in such specific fields as cardiology, internal medicine, pediatrics, geriatrics, gastroenterology, and hematology. Doctors who deal with alcoholism and drug addiction in their practices should also possess sound nutritional knowledge. Yet, few medical schools have heeded the call.

Meanwhile, some efforts to correct this woeful inadequacy are being made on a national level. Sen. Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania introduced a bill not long ago that would authorize an appropriation of $10 million for five years, to be used for grants to schools of medicine and dentistry "to plan, develop, and implement a program of nutrition education within their curriculum."

Although Schweiker's move has been widely applauded, there is one caveat: If medical schools were suddenly filled with instructors who learned nutrition the traditional way—from *their* medical schooling—we would not be much better off than before. What is needed is not just conventional wisdom but also a quantum leap in researched knowledge. As long as the old pieties are repeated—whether they concern vitamin E, megavitamin

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therapy, or the prevalence of hypoglycemia, to name a few controversial issues—the cycle of ignorance will repeat itself.

The health-food movement, as an alternative to the danger of the supermarket syndrome, is not without its drawbacks. Physicians, not surprisingly, tend to look askance at the movement. At a December 1972 hearing on health foods held by New York City's Bureau of Consumer Frauds and Protection, Dr. George Christakis, of the Mount Sinai Medical School, said, "Man has always projected into food certain qualities which it does not have. But the greatest danger of the health-food movement is that, beguiled by methods of self-cure, many will refuse to seek medical help in case of sickness." Even "well" people, he continued, risk nutritional imbalance by continual use of health foods that do not supply optimum variety.

Health-fooders, however, are a persistent and growing group. Eating "organically" has come to mean self-sufficiency, a stand of independence against the behemoths of the food industry that, for the counterculturists, represent the establishment. But the establishment has also come around. A number of the large food chains across the country have instituted health-food departments in their stores. Another group of health-fooders, the organic farmers, have brought the farming issue to national attention. There have been successful lobbies against the use of DES (diethylstilbestrol) in cattle as well as against other harmful chemicals and hormones in food. Innumerable books have appeared on homesteading, growing your own produce, cooking with natural foods, and generally living the Good Life. Thus, to some extent, the health-food movement has been co-opted in a constructive way by legislation and by the media.

It hardly provides comfort to know that the field of nutrition is today in enormous flux. Given the limited state of our present knowledge, a sensible course to follow—whether at home or out—consists simply of varying the diet within the allotted food groups and eliminating what we now know is bad for us. This can obviate most of the ill effects of the fast-food, supermarket syndrome. Many consumers will want to buy some items at natural-food stores in spite of higher costs because of special health advantages—for example, vegetables canned without salt or sugar, and unhydrolized peanut butter. Many more will just prefer the taste of stone-ground whole-wheat bread to that of cotton-batting white bread.

In a word, an enormous number of us suffer from faulty nutrition, even amid affluence. We don't need to take *all* the blame onto ourselves personally. Irresponsible food producers, dangerous diet books and eating fads, a plethora of TV and other advertising, a largely uninformed medical community—all these have to be faulted. On the other hand, we *do* have some individual choice in the matter that *can* make a difference. By eating sensibly we may cut heart and vascular disease by 25 percent and diminish diabetes and infant mortality by half. If we can do this, our national health costs for diet-linked illness will be spectacularly reduced.

Precisely because poor diet is an old story that we've all heard before, our inclination is to shrug and forget it. It *bores* us. But unless we *keep remembering it* and see that it holds our interest long enough and stubbornly enough, then nutrition as a national health problem will never go away. □

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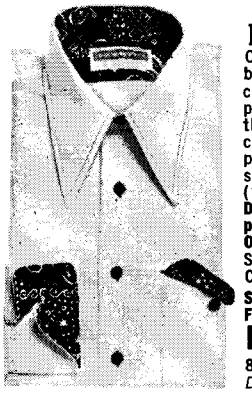

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Mindless Clutter

Charlotte F. Moss, of New Haven, Connecticut, is one of several people who have written to me about the inane expression "I could care less." As everyone knows, it is used in virtually every instance to mean its very opposite.

On the basis of no hard evidence whatever, I believe "I could care less" is a British import. I have a vague and possibly erroneous memory of having first heard it used by some English tourists in Paris in about 1953. If I'm right, it's been around for a couple of decades, at least.

I don't think it's worth worrying about.

"I could care less," "You better believe it," "That's for damn sure," and so forth are mindless clichés that clutter up today's language. Yesterday's language had its own junk: "You said a mouthful," "Don't take any wooden nickels," "Ain't it the truth?" They don't mean any more than "Hiya" or "Yeah" or "Good luck." "I could care less" and "I couldn't care less" both mean approximately "So what?" which in turn doesn't mean much more than a shrug or a grunt.

Shrugs and grunts will survive, and I suppose they'll always have their verbal counterparts, but I'm sure it won't be long before "I could care less" and "You better believe it" are as dead as "Twenty-three skiddoo," "Hotchacha," and "Yea, forsooth."

Ms. Moss, having mentioned that "I could care less" means its opposite, went on to remind me of the song from a few decades ago about the spurs that go jingle-jangle-jingle. "They sing, 'Oh, ain't you glad you're single,' and that song ain't so very far from wrong."

That, too, means its opposite.

"What's clearly meant," says Ms. Moss, being more grammatical than the lyricist, "is 'the song isn't very far from right.' "

Most people probably don't pay much attention to the lyrics of popular songs, but if you've tried writing lyrics, you know how tough it is. You respect those who write good ones, and chances are you listen more carefully than those who haven't tried it.

Those jingling spurs reminded me of another, much older, cowboy song—the classic "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie"—which I learned as a very young cowpoke in the badlands of southern Westchester County. Unless I learned it all wrong, the opening line is "Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie." Then, with a total disregard for dramatic unities, without even applying for a poetic license, the last line says, "When I die, you can bury me 'neath the western sky on the lone prairie."

There's no indication that the singer has changed his mind. It's just that by the time he gets to the punch line, he's forgotten his opening statement, and he blithely expresses its contradiction.

YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH almost anything if you set it to music, which is undoubtedly one of the reasons singing commercials are so ubiquitous. You remember them, although they don't have to say anything beyond the name of the product.

As a child I'd sung, "It rained all night the day I left, the weather it was dry. The sun so hot I froze to death, Susannah don't you cry" for years before it struck me that it was absurd—primitive humor. I think I was probably unusually slow in the case of "Oh Susannah," but I bet we've all sung one song or another without thinking of the meaning.

If you're old enough to remember Pearl Harbor, you're old enough to remember "South of the Border." There's a line in that song that I still cherish. I'm not sure anyone else noticed it, but I did, and I'll share it with you: "There for a tender while I kissed the smile upon her face."

I maintained in 1943, and I maintain today, that *that* is just about impossible. If you've never tried it, give it a whirl. Ready? All right, Ladies, smile at the Gentlemen. Gentlemen, kiss the smiles.

If you're at all normal, you'll have noticed that the "tender while" turned into something quite different. Most likely uncontrollable fits of the giggles. You can't kiss a smile for a tender while. If one half of a couple is smiling and the other half is kissing, something's got to give. Kissing a smile upon a face results in virtually instantaneous loss of composure, dignity, and maturity. That's still better than worrying about caring or not caring less. □

"Already I feel greater humility. In fact, I feel like a damn fool."

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Double-Crostic No. 49

by Thomas H. Middleton

						1 X	2 H	3 E		4 L	5 K	6 J	7 Q	8 X	9 N		10 X
11 C		12 T	13 C	14 Q	15 R	16 S	17 F	18 W	19 U	20 J	21 I	22 N	23 A		24 U	25 B	26 T
27 H	28 Z		29 C	30 Z		31 L	32 D	33 Z		34 V	35 P		36 N	37 W	38 X	–	39 P
40 B	41 C	42 L		43 H	44 G	45 Z	46 S	47 D		48 R	49 M	50 W		51 M	52 P	53 Q	54 C
55 S		56 F	57 K	58 T	59 Y		60 O	61 R	62 V	63 W	64 B		65 H	66 T	67 C		68 E
69 F	70 G	71 V		72 V	73 A		74 I	75 S	76 W		77 G	78 H	79 T	80 F	81 E		82 P
83 O	84 Q	85 B	86 N	87 J	88 M	89 S		90 W	91 H		92 K		93 Q	94 R	95 B	96 T	97 F
98 U	99 I	100 E	101 K	102 C		103 N	104 Y	105 T	106 S		107 T	108 P	109 K	110 L		111 A	112 D
113 X		114 X	115 Q	116 K		117 E	118 G	119 A	–	120 Q	121 V	–	122 L	123 X	124 F	125 N	126 H
	127 Z	128 S	129 O	130 N	131 R		132 Q	133 P	134 B	135 J	136 C	137 G	138 U	139 Z	140 D	141 X	142 T
143 I		144 R	145 S	146 U	147 V	148 I	149 Z		150 B	151 Z	152 L	153 Q	154 N	155 O		156 A	157 P
158 G	159 D		160 I	161 Z	162 O	163 G		164 K	165 Y		166 M	167 C	168 Y	169 J	170 O		171 W
172 G	173 N	174 O	175 J		176 R	177 J	178 M	179 U	180 P		181 C	182 W	183 O		184 W	185 J	186 S
	187 C	188 H	189 P	190 J	191 G	–	192 Q	193 O	194 R	195 U	196 N						

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Small, flat candy	73 111 119 156 23
B. Set-tos, rhubarbs	25 40 64 85 95 134 150
C. Imagemakers	181 13 29 54 67 136 167 187 11 41 102
D. Narrow strips of wood	112 140 159 32 47
E. Small platform at the entrance of a house	68 81 100 117 3
F. Conditional; hypothetical (comp.)	17 56 69 80 97 124
G. White, soft, malleable, trivalent metallic element	137 158 172 191 44 70 77 118 163
H. "He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things, / ____ so much passion" (Nathaniel Lee, *The Rival Queens*, 2 wds.)	188 2 27 43 65 78 91 126
I. Raises the spirits of	148 21 74 99 143 160
J. Nathaniel Lee's "Rival Queens" (2 wds. followed by WORD K)	175 185 135 169 190 20 177 6 87
K. See WORD J	116 164 92 109 57 101 5
L. City of Tutankhamen's tomb	31 110 152 4 42 122
M. Weighty; powerful	49 88 166 178 51

CLUES	WORDS
N. Rough; improper; coarse	86 130 173 196 22 103 125 9 36 154
O. Takes care of (2 wds.)	155 162 174 183 193 60 83 129 170
P. Ellen's lover in Scott's "Marmion"	39 52 82 157 108 133 35 189 180
Q. Bookkeeping	7 14 93 120 53 84 115 132 153 192
R. Improper; unfortunate	61 144 48 94 176 15 194 131
S. "Glories, like ___, afar off shine bright. / But looked to near, have neither heat nor light." (comp.; Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*)	55 75 128 186 46 145 89 106 16
T. Unusual capacity for strong drink (2 wds.)	66 12 58 96 26 107 142 105 79
U. Types of alphabetical lists	138 19 195 146 98 179 24
V. Close; dull; self-righteous	147 34 72 121 62 71
W. Beside the mark; wrong; misplaced (3 wds.)	37 171 182 18 63 76 90 184 50
X. Exalted moral excellence	8 38 141 114 113 10 1 123
Y. Subject to argument or discussion	59 165 168 104
Z. Hides securely	33 28 127 151 45 30 139 161 149

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 48* appears on page 43.

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(**Report:** *continued from page 7.*)
for partisan broadcasts. Yet despite the campaign and despite the fact that most Mexicans vote without expecting their ballots to count, the abstention rate actually increased in the July elections.

The Socialist Party of the Workers claims to see the government's trap. The party plans to seek official registration through the required 65,000-signature petition, but it will not go to the polls as long as elections are controlled by the PRI—presumably indefinitely.

How, then, does the party hope to achieve power? "What we are trying to do is to create an untainted alternative party," one party leader explained. "We believe the present system will not be overthrown through a popular armed revolution. Rather it will collapse through its own decadence and corruption. It is in fact already collapsing. There are tensions within the elite between the moderates and the ultra-conservatives. There is constant violence on Left and Right. There is a guerrilla movement, which achieves little but nevertheless continues to survive. And there is the mixed economy—the mixture of capitalism and deep poverty—which is no longer functioning efficiently. When it collapses, we shall be ready to offer Mexico a new chance."

The new party will have great difficulty in awakening popular interest in its activities. The political stagnation wrought by forty-four years of party dictatorship has produced a sense of deep apathy among the population. The individual's inability to confront the system in even the smallest way has created a national mentality of resignation, a state of dependence on the system to provide at least enough to ensure survival. This paternalism and centralism of power in turn provide the keys to the elite's control over the population.

Yet the government cannot stop the steady process of internal decay. Few government officials are willing to defend the system in private conversation. Many, in fact, are strongly opposed to it, although they preserve enough moral flexibility to hold onto well-paid jobs within the bureaucracy. A mood of depression and pessimism is seeping through the system today. Perhaps the Socialist Party of the Workers can survive long enough, and strongly enough, to capitalize on it. Someday some party will do that, and the PRI—a remarkable example of what might be called democratic authoritarianism—will pass into history.

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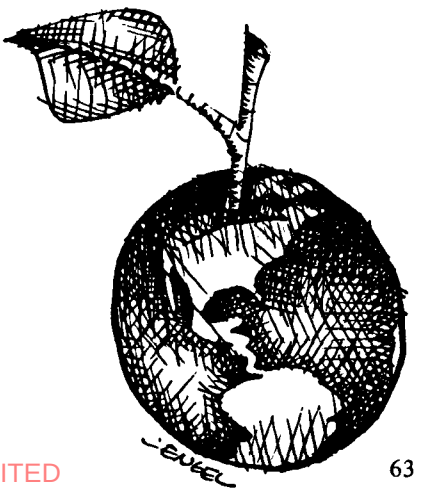

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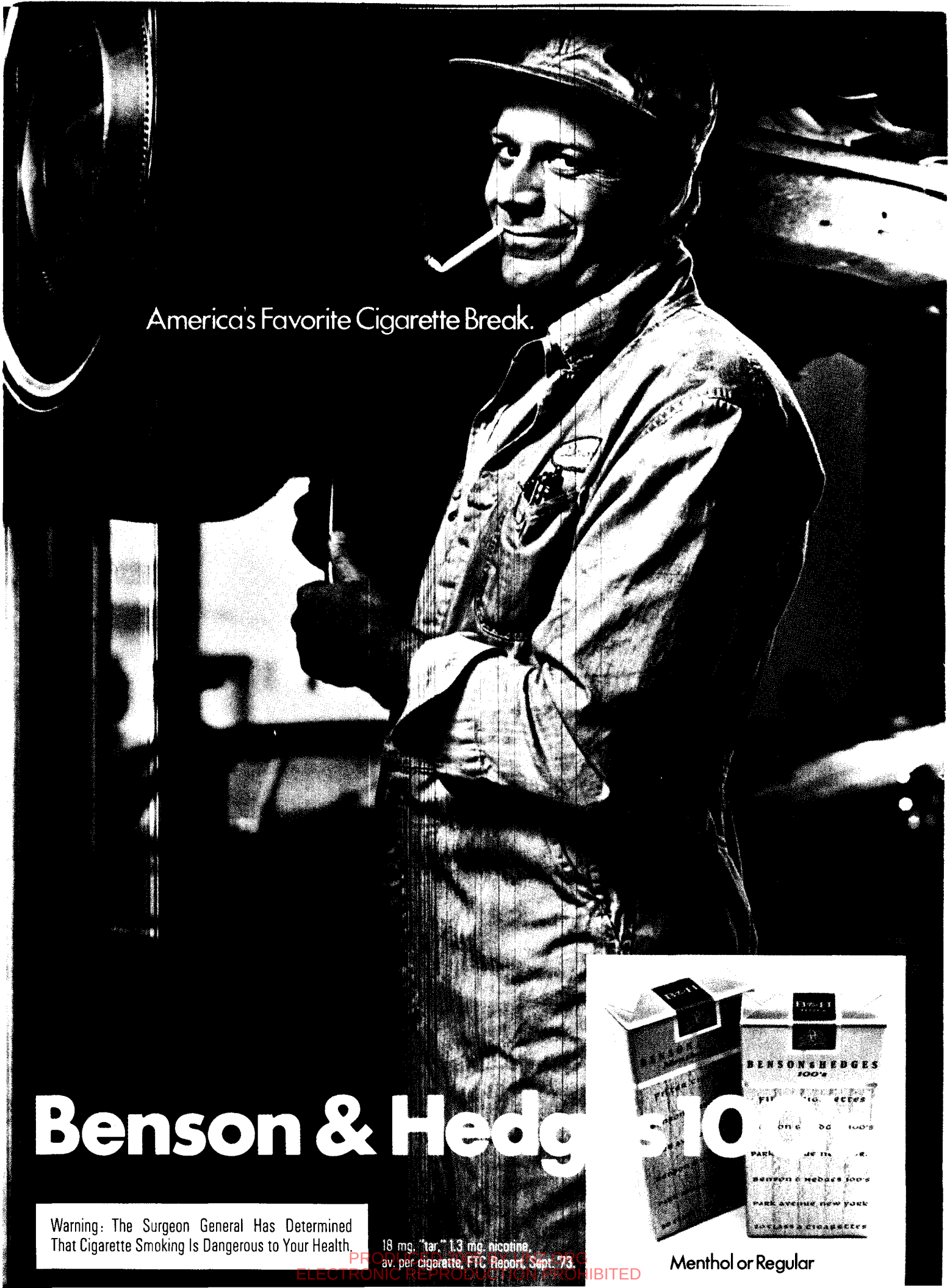
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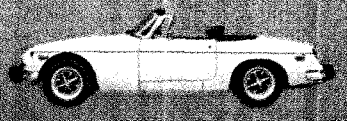

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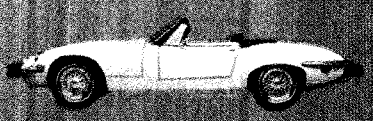

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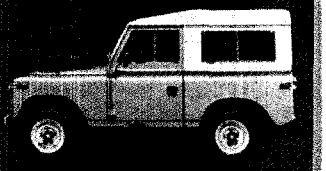

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